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UTTERLY INADEQUATE is the second instalment of the Simon Commission's report on India, if we may judge by the cabled reports. According to these, "the scheme is to give Britain a stronger hold on India than ever before"; "what the report proposes is a long way from dominion status to say nothing of independence"; "the report suggests that Indian defense should be made an imperial rather than an Indian problem and visualizes the presence of the British army in India for many years to come." That is really all one needs to know. After that it is idle even to put any valuation upon the new administrative and judicial devices suggested. For the refusal to fix a definite period for dominion status vitiates all the rest. It will not soothe the troubled waters of India but will gravely inflame the populace. It will make impossible the proposed October Round Table Conference—we doubt if even the Indian moderates will now be lured to that proposed parley. Indeed, we believe that it puts the final seal upon the long struggle which began with Gandhi's march to make salt, and, for better or worse, will not end until the Indian peoples are in complete control of their own destiny.

MEANWHILE, POLICE BRUTALITY, more and more rigid ordinances, the growing use of British troops, and even the monsoon have not checked the ardor of the Indian Nationalists. Between storms the natives come up smiling for the terrible punishment of the police staves. Even unresisting women are now standing beside their men as they are being beaten for their refusal to obey the police. After six days of deadlock in Bombay the police assailed a group of fifty Sikhs of the Akali sect, great bearded men who stood blow after blow until knocked down. There was, reports Negley Farson of the Chicago *Daily News,* "again the spectacle of a green field dotted with fallen bodies and again the same islands of orange-clad women holding up the flags of Swaraj." One Sikh beaten till bloody "stood up for more. . . . And then the police threw up their hands. 'You can't go on hitting a blighter when he stands up to you like that.'" Precisely. That is where non-resistance wins. No wonder that a pro-British Bombay correspondent of the New York *Times* reports that "one fact, however, is manifestly certain—events cannot be allowed much longer to proceed as they are doing at present." Indeed, no. Here are the wives and daughters of Indians holding British titles cabling their protest to Queen Mary. Here is an American missionary in Madras expelled for communion with Gandhi sympathizers; and then the news on June 22 of the "fiercest battle in which the Bombay police have been engaged" since Gandhi began the struggle, with 550 casualties, *"including a number of women volunteers"*—and no police hurt!

THE SENATE has disgraced itself by voting for the pension bill to "liberalize the law" for compensation for disabled World War veterans. President Hoover's objection to it and announcement that he will veto it merely served to inflame the Senate, which has thus, for the sixth or seventh time, deliberately slapped the Executive's face. But Mr. Hoover in this case is right. This is a pension steal pure and simple; it is a direct return to the pension orgies of the Civil and Spanish Wars, although we were assured at the outbreak of the World War that the insurance system would prevent anything of the kind. We are still paying pensions to widows of veterans of the War of 1812; on the same basis we shall be paying pensions to widows of World War veterans in 2048. The estimates of the cost of this measure run from Senator Shortridge's $74,000,000 a year to the $102,000,000 of the Director of the Budget. According to dispatches it includes those who have served only sixty days. It is much pleasanter to read that by a vote of 16 to 4 the Senate Naval Affairs Committee has favorably reported the Naval Disarmament Treaty. As our readers are aware, we think very little of that document as a disarmament measure, but the character of the naval opposition to it makes its ratification entirely defensible.

THE WARMTH OF THE RECEPTION accorded to Rear Admiral Byrd on his arrival in New York was the more striking because in the columns of one journal at least his achievements have been over-touted. Not that we would belittle them; far from it. We are simply unaccustomed to months and months of daily reporting of the routine acts of the explorer, his men, his dogs, his ships.

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For the old-fashioned drama of the sudden, unexpected reappearance, from the icy unknown, of a Peary, or a Nansen, or an all-but-dying Greely, we have substituted daily press syndicating of the trivial along with the admirable and the heroic. It is, therefore, a tribute to the patience and discernment of the public that it is ready to hail the really remarkable accomplishments of Byrd and his men. How much of scientific value the expedition has actually brought back a few months will show. Our best scientists evidently are in no doubt. For the rest, we gladly add our tribute to the amazing foresight, preparation, and calculation which made the whole a great success and made the final spectacular flight possible under most difficult and dangerous conditions. To have come back with a schedule exactly carried out, without the loss of a life, with apparently complete harmony, and with all aims attained is an achievement which makes Byrd's two years of exploration rank high in the annals of Arctic and Antarctic adventure.

THE ADOPTION BY THE SENATE, without debate, of the Borah resolution the day after the President had made the Hawley-Smoot tariff a law is a remarkable revelation not only of the distrust of that tariff by its foes, but also of the political discomfort of those who voted for it. The Borah resolution directs the Tariff Commission to investigate the rates on shoes, cement, furniture, and farm implements. Thus the American manufacturers of all these articles are still to be left in doubt regarding the rates under which they are to operate. Apologists for the new tariff, like Senator Reed, voted for it on the ground that even though the rates adopted were extremely bad, they should be settled at once. If the commission functions, Congress will have enacted a permanent state of unsettlement. On the other hand, if the flexible provisions are allowed to become a dead letter, the claim that they will correct the extortions under the new law becomes a pure fraud. Consumers have no reason to hope, in any case, that any revisions will in general be downward. Not only were practically all the revisions under the former act upward, but the principle on which revisions are made—differences in cost of production—is a vicious one. Such differences are, to begin with, extremely difficult to ascertain, and must be determined by arbitrary standards. Apart from this, the use of this standard means simply that the more essentially uneconomic and parasitic an industry is in this country, and the more inefficiently it is run, the higher will be the tariff rate that consumers will have to pay to support it. No wonder Messrs. Mellon, Lamont, and Klein, the Hoover Happiness Boys, have recently felt the need of jumping into the breach with more prosperity talk.

NEWARK HAS BEEN SUFFERING for five months from an epidemic of alien and Communist persecution, and during June three of ten Communists indicted have been convicted of advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence. The testimony against them was entirely that of officers who could recall practically nothing of their speeches except such advocacy, while the witnesses for the defense in the two cases tried last were not allowed to testify because they were atheists. The New Jersey law provides that persons having conscientious scruples against swearing may be affirmed; but the presiding judge, after allowing the atheist Communists to be affirmed in the first case tried, later held that the law extends the right of affirmation to those persons only who have *religious* scruples against swearing—the theory being, of course, that atheists, having no fear of punishment hereafter, cannot be trusted to tell the truth in any case. Having thus ruled that the defendants and their witnesses could not even be affirmed, he none the less allowed the defendants to tell their story to the jury, on the ground that a defendant has the right to be heard in his own behalf. When it came to sentencing Dominick Flaiani and Samuel Levine, who denied that they had advocated the overthrow of government by force and violence, Judge Walter Van Riper, instead of giving them the seventeen and ten years respectively to which their conviction rendered them liable, put them on probation for two years on condition that they pay a dollar weekly and refrain from the dreaded advocacy. The third person convicted, an elderly colored man, was given a suspended sentence. There seems to be some hope that minor alien persecutions will now be lessened.

THE ATLANTA COMMUNISTS whose case was reported in our last issue have unexpectedly been admitted to bail of $10,000 in two cases, $4,000 in three others, and $1,000 in the remaining one. The trials have been postponed to an undetermined future date. Meanwhile southern California, true to its tradition, has convicted nine Communist organizers of the workers in the Imperial Valley canteloupe fields. Under the criminal-syndicalism laws six of them were sentenced to three to fourteen years, two applied for probation, and the ninth was given a suspended sentence on condition that he return to Mexico, his native land. In Mt. Vernon, New York, City Judge Bernstein, not to be wholly outdone, imposed sentence of a $25 fine or ten days in jail on each of eleven Communists for trying to hold a street meeting without a permit, the mayor of Mt. Vernon having made his entry in the contest for official illegality by declaring that he would never under any circumstances grant a permit to the Communists. Apparently in most parts of this country Communists have few Constitutional rights that public officials are bound to respect. What is the next unpopular minority group that such lawless officials will choose to trample under foot?

REVOLT IN CONNECTICUT? It seems incredible, but a David has arisen in the ranks of the Republican Party. A year ago Professor Albert Levitt, who besides being a teacher of law is a veteran who was both gassed and wounded in France, decided that conditions in his State had got to the point where they could be endured no longer. So to the public amusement he announced his intention of driving J. Henry Roraback, the Republican boss of the State, who combines bossing with the management of public-utility enterprises, out of his job. Last fall when the small towns voted it appeared that he had won two votes for himself in his town as a candidate for selectman. Everybody laughed again, but a few months later David landed a shot from his sling where it hurt. The Public Utilities Commission of the State has long permitted the railroads to disregard a law which requires that every railroad shall remove, or begin the removal of, at least one grade crossing each year for

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every fifty miles of road operated by it. The commission was required to compel the railroad to obey if the road did not act. Professor Levitt petitioned the Attorney General to begin ouster proceedings against the commission for neglect of duty. He refused. Then Mr. Levitt went to the Hartford County Superior Court and won his case, which was at once appealed by the Attorney General to the State Supreme Court of Errors for decision.

PROFESSOR LEVITT was not content to sit down and await the decision on the appeal. He continued to speak constantly and hit straight out at the small knot of insiders who run the utilities and the State of Connecticut. He denounced certain rates as extortionate and asserted that there had been much padding of capital stock in order to force higher rates. Not content with that, he announced last month that he was a candidate for Governor of Connecticut, while Mrs. Hannah Townshend joined him as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor. His appeal was direct and straightforward:

> I ask for your support in order that I may end the illegal and selfish exploitation of our State and its natural resources by J. Henry Roraback and his agents.

His platform is admirable, including good roads for rural communities, the abolition of child labor, old-age pensions, the enforcement of law, and the regulation of public utilities. Now it is announced that William J. Pape of Waterbury, the owner of two of the ablest papers in the State, the Waterbury *Republican* and *American*, which have steadily fought the boss, has declared that he is ready to serve as candidate for comptroller on the Levitt ticket. People are no longer laughing in Connecticut; they are beginning to wonder whether in this year of Hooverism control of the State will not be wrested from Roraback and perhaps go to the Democrats. At any rate our hat is off to Professor Levitt. He has done a fine job and every reader of *The Nation* in Connecticut should applaud his effort.

SAMUEL INSULL the great educator leads a hard life. Here was Ambassador Sackett, himself an old utility man, proposing to tell the world (and in a World Power Conference in Berlin at that): "I know no other manufacturing industry where the sale price of the product to the great mass of consumers is fifteen times the actual cost of production." Mr. Sackett, of course, meant to point out the notorious fact that in producing power most of the cost arises in transmission, not in generation, and that transmission accordingly offers the field for technical improvement. When Mr. Insull saw an advance copy of the address, however, he realized, like a true educator, that the public might misinterpret it, might even understand it to mean that the educator and his associates were profiteers instead of public servants. Wouldn't Mr. Sackett change the address? Unfortunately he wouldn't, and the wretched newspapers had advance copies, anyway. And so in the outcome some millions of Americans who otherwise would never have noticed Mr. Sackett's remarks at all had their attention called to the price of electricity. Then the irresponsible Senator Norris utilized the incident as a text for various caustic remarks about the activities of Mr. Insull and his fellow-educators. Verily, the life of a great, unofficial public servant like this is nothing less than a tragedy.

EVASIONS AND HALF-TRUTHS duly mixed with confession and avoidance characterize Secretary Stimson's reply to Senator Glass's resolution inquiring by what authority of law the Department of State assumes to approve or disapprove foreign loans offered in the American market, or to direct the action of the Federal Reserve Board or banks in regard to foreign banking or investment in foreign securities. Mr. Stimson, who knows as well as anybody that there is not a shadow of legal warrant for what the department has been regularly doing for years, is reduced to the extreme of citing Article II of the Constitution, which vests the executive power in the President, and the statutory requirement that the Secretary of State shall do what the President directs. Equipped with this visionary mandate, the department, he says, has been maintaining "a position of watchfulness in the country's interest in its foreign relations," but it has not objected to foreign loans "save in a very small number of cases" and has never tried to control the Federal Reserve Board or banks. The whole business, indeed, is quite informal: the department neither approves nor disapproves; it merely remarks that it has no objection or is not interested. What every banker understands, of course, is that no foreign loan can be floated in this country, nor any American loan made abroad, without the consent of the Department of State. Mr. Hoover, we seem to remember, has enunciated the principle that legislation is the province of Congress, but in this particular matter he appears to agree with Mr. Harding, who began the practice, and with Mr. Coolidge, who continued it, that a little executive law-making on the side is quite all right if you can get away with it.

PROHIBITION OF TRADE as well as of loans, this time without even a pretense of legal justification, is included in the autocratic powers which the Department of State presumes to exercise. The Glenn A. Martin Company of Baltimore, it is reported, has just been forced to drop a contract or agreement of some kind to furnish twenty bombing planes to the Russian government, at a cost of some $2,000,000, because of Washington's disapprobation. Mr. Stimson, who appears to be the great Pooh-Bah of the Administration when it comes to stepping outside the law and juggling with explanations afterwards, is quoted by the Baltimore *Sun* as saying, in substance, that while he had no objection to the sale of commercial planes to Russia, he did object to the manufacture and sale of military planes. At this point, it seems, the Navy Department comes into the picture with some uncertain right of approval of the Martin contract. We can well understand that the great Secretary, flanked by the Kellogg pact on one side and the London naval treaty on the other, rejoiced at the opportunity to give Russia a hint about the wisdom of peace, but it will be surprising if the Russians do not see in his performance further proof of the intention of the United States to treat Russia as an outcast. It will be in order now for the Administration to take note of the great Communist drive which Moscow is to launch in this country in September at a cost of $500,000. The fact that this Associated Press announcement comes from Russian monarchist circles in Berlin will make sensible people believe that the whole thing is a hoax, but there is nothing like a Russian scare to make Washington see double.

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ALMOST COINCIDENTALLY with the signing of the temporary trade agreement between Russia and Great Britain comes the announcement that orders placed in Great Britain by the Soviet trading organizations during the last six months are more than double those for the same period of the previous year. The total sum involved is about $44,000,000, and this gain is really the first fruit of the renewal of diplomatic relations between the two countries. When one considers the condition of English industry this must surely bring hope to many a hard-pressed industrial plant. As for the trade agreement, it is interesting to note that the head of the trade delegation and his two deputies are given diplomatic privileges and immunities, so that hereafter when the Conservatives come back into office they will not again be able to raid the offices of the trade delegation. This treaty is, of course, a temporary agreement, but it is to remain in force until the negotiation of a permanent commercial one, subject to six months' notice of termination by either side. The protocol states that the contracting parties are actuated by the desire to eliminate from their economic relations all forms of discrimination, and they pledge that they will be guided only by commercial and financial considerations. We commend this to our ferocious Sons of the Revolution who, in convention assembled, have recently declared their intention of asking this government to forbid all business relations with the Soviets and to bar out all Russian individuals if the present investigation of Communist activities by Congressman Fish's committee should prove the existence of any propaganda by the Russian government or individuals in this country. Can Englishmen be less forearmed than ourselves?

RACE ENMITY AND SECESSION are an ugly pair of political issues, but the Union of South Africa is wrestling with both of them at the present moment. In pursuance of the policy of keeping down the natives, who constitute a huge majority of the population, and denying them political rights, the assembly has just passed a riotous-assemblies act which gives to the Minister of Justice absolute and arbitrary power to deal with so-called agitators, with no right in the persons arrested or punished to appeal to the courts. The bill is aimed particularly at the movement directed by the African National Congress and at the outbreaks, some of them serious, that have multiplied during the past few months. It is the old story of British imperialism lording it over native races, and strengthening repression by resort to a measure which the *Cape Times* denounces as "iniquitous" and which a speaker in the assembly declared was not only contrary to both Dutch and English legal tradition, but made the Minister "a tyrant who is prosecutor, judge, and legislator at the same time." What the government thinks about it was shown when Premier Hertzog, in replying to General Smuts's criticism of the bill, heatedly declared that the House "was not the place to theorize about ethical principles" and that the bill was "really in the interests of the natives themselves." It was the same General Hertzog who insisted, in a debate on the recommendations of the Conference on Dominion Legislation, that the right of South Africa to say whether it would remain in the Empire was "a vital test of whether we are or are not a free people." The recommendations were accepted with an amendment to that effect.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL has been rejected again—this time, amazing as it seems, by a Labor Government. The dream of enlightened men and women for generations, it is now turned down by Mr. MacDonald chiefly on the old, familiar militaristic grounds—the Government has not the wish, it declares, to enter upon new military enterprises, and if the tunnel were to be authorized it would have to "be adequately protected, and this would cost a great deal of money." Contradictorily enough it is added: "The committee on imperial defense were unable to discover a single advantage from the military point of view which would follow construction of a Channel tunnel." The whole official statement of the case strikes us as being as puerile as it is confused. The Government dissents from the report of the tunnel committee that such a tunnel would improve trade and dwells, like those who in behalf of the stage-coaches once opposed the coming of railroads, upon the fact that the capital now invested in cross-Channel boats would become unproductive should the tunnel be built. Unable to find, it declares, any substantial public demand for the tunnel and believing that it would help the existing unemployment but little, it then asserts that more foreigners would come but doubts if this "would prove to the economic advantage of this country." Worse than that, should the tunnel take more Englishmen to the Continent for pleasure that would mean "an economic loss to England." Shades of Adam Smith and all the long line of British economists! What could they say to that?

ELMER SPERRY, who died in Brooklyn on June 16, was one of our most remarkable inventors. It is no exaggeration to say that no single man in the entire history of merchant shipping ever did as much for the development of navigation as did Mr. Sperry. When for generations nobody had made a single invention to modernize the steering of ships, he stepped forward with the gyrocompass which eliminated automatically the variations due to the earth's magnetism. Then he invented "Metal Mike," the automatic steerer, which abolishes the helmsman and keeps a ship on an absolutely straight course—something way beyond the skill of the best quartermaster who ever grasped the spokes of a wheel. Before this he utilized the principle of the gyroscope to stabilize ships and airplanes and to keep them on an even keel in all weather. Only two months ago a giant army plane flew from Sacramento to San Francisco without a human being on board—guided by two Sperry gyroscopes as automatic pilots. For fliers he also developed devices to provide artificial horizons in order to enable them to pierce the darkest fogs. The press reports that he had patented nearly 400 devices, about double the number patented by Edison. Among these were arc lights, high-power searchlights, electro-chemical processes, new mining machinery, devices for motion-picture projection, for trolley-cars, and a new system of street lighting—to list only a few. A member of many learned societies and founder of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and of the American Electro-Chemical Society, he was decorated by Russia and Japan and won seven of the most prized American medals for scientific achievement. Modest and extraordinarily industrious, he died at the forefront of the American scientists who are making over the world under the layman's uncomprehending eyes.

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Where Do We Go from Here?

THE astounding victory of Dwight Morrow in the New Jersey Republican primary, for which the most experienced political observers were entirely unprepared, makes him more than ever a national figure. After such a triumph it is impossible to believe that he will not defeat next fall his Democratic rival, Alexander Simpson, a successful, almost spectacular, criminal prosecutor. We rejoice that his State has seen fit to recognize this man's worth, his ability, his modest efficiency, and his fine personal character. It goes far to confirm us in our belief that if the right kind of man should present himself in most communities there would be instant public recognition of his worth and his promise. Will Rogers is right in saying that had Mr. Morrow run as a Bolshevik he would nevertheless have been nominated. The voters apparently sensed that here was a man who had not only made his mark, but was not chasing an office in the usual political manner. They knew that he had wealth, position, and endless opportunities. They knew also that in consenting to enter the contest he perhaps went counter to his own studious tastes and to his wish for continued service in Mexico. As it is, quite aside from the prohibition question—wherein the wets are entitled to considerable satisfaction—Mr. Morrow's victory is like a fresh breeze in the rather sordid political atmosphere of his State.

Of the numerous recent primaries the Morrow victory is, of course, the most outstanding. Next to it the most sensational was the retirement by his party of the veteran Senator Simmons of North Carolina for the crime of bolting the Smith ticket and supporting Hoover in 1928, and this resounding victory for party regularity and white supremacy seems likely to have its repercussions in other Southern States in which Claudius H. Huston et al. labored to implant the Republican gospel. A glance at the other States which have held their primaries reveals a mixed situation. Our readers will recall that Senator Deneen, Republican, has been defeated in Illinois by Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, now a Republican Representative, but that J. Hamilton Lewis is back in the lists on the Democratic side and has shown in the past a winsome way with the voters. Secretary of Labor Davis, who beat Senator Grundy in the primary fight for the Republican nomination in Pennsylvania, has yet to show whether he can get the support of the Grundy following in November. Maine, to our great disappointment, has nominated Representative Wallace H. White, a good old Republican wheel horse and high-tariff supporter, to replace the impossible Senator Gould, defeating a far better candidate in the person of ex-Governor Brewster. It was the candidate for Governor, John A. Wilson, who though defeated won the honors of the campaign.

A disposition on the part of the Iowa farmers to swallow the Smoot-Hawley tariff is the disturbing news from Iowa. The striking success of Lester J. Dickinson in the Republican Senatorial primary, after a campaign in which the tariff was the main issue, does not indicate a farmer revolt. Iowa has long been regarded as a mirror of agrarian sentiment in the Middle West, and Mr. Dickinson, who has served twelve years in the House, has faithfully reflected Iowa opinion and staunchly adhered to the farm bloc. On the other hand, in Minnesota, where Senator Thomas B. Schall, insurgent Republican, has won the primary nomination for a second term against Governor Theodore Christianson, the tariff did not figure prominently in the contest save that both candidates denounced it. Republican Minnesota, in other words, is anti-tariff, but in the Senatorial contest the chief issue was which of the two candidates was the more radical. The platform of the Indiana Republican Convention outdid even Senator Fess by eulogizing Mr. Hoover for his "splendid poise, Lincoln-like moderation, and energized efficiency" and declaring that his Administration "is destined as a period of extraordinary acceleration and stabilization of industry," but it confined itself to generalities on farm relief and unkindly failed to mention the naval treaty. The most self-confident gladiator thus far is former Governor Osborn of Michigan, who has thrown himself into the fray against Senator Couzens because, "as I see it, the nation cannot endure unless women and men who have fitness and taste for filling public positions offer themselves." The ex-Governor, it may be noted, is a stalwart dry.

The present membership of the House of Representatives comprises 263 Republicans, 164 Democrats, and 1 Farmer-Labor. There are 7 vacant seats, of which all but one were formerly held by Republicans. The Senate has 56 Republicans, 39 Democrats, and 1 Farmer-Labor. Three of the Senatorial elections will be held to fill unexpired terms: in Kansas for the seat now held by Henry J. Allen, in New Jersey for that held by David Baird, Jr., and in Ohio for that held by Roscoe C. McCulloch. All three of these Senators are Republicans. Of the remaining 32 Senators whose terms regularly expire March 4, 19 are Republicans and 13 Democrats. Four of the 35 Senators, it has been announced—Phipps of Colorado, Gillett of Massachusetts, Goff of West Virginia, and Sullivan of Wyoming—are not candidates for reelection, and two—Gould of Maine and Baird of New Jersey—who were not candidates have, as stated, had their seats claimed by Messrs. White and Morrow. In Kansas both seats are to be filled, the regular term of Senator Arthur Capper also expiring.

With primaries or nominating conventions still to be held in about two-thirds of the States, prediction is risky indeed. The extraordinarily outspoken criticisms of Republican newspapers and individuals in industrial centers, where high protection has long been well intrenched, are naturally cheering the Democrats. They will do well not to be too confident. Demoralized as a national party, poverty-stricken in ideas, and split on prohibition and the tariff, it will not be so easy for them to overcome the heavy Republican House majority. As for the insurgent Republicans, the most that is to be hoped for, apparently, is that with good luck they may be able to hold their own. Never was there more need of a new party, grounded in enlightened principles, national in scope, and equipped with able and independent candidates, for which a healthy-minded American might vote with a clear conscience.

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Committee Government

NOTHING could illustrate more clearly the Hoover method of government than the President's recent appointment of a committee to investigate the actions of the Shipping Board in regard to bids for the purchase of certain government lines in connection with mail subsidies. Early in June he appointed four outstanding citizens, one of them Edward N. Hurley, formerly chairman of the Shipping Board, to investigate and report to him upon the situation, saying:

> I have received many representations pro and con upon the merits of rival bids and protests at the character of ships it is proposed to construct under government loans. The disposal of these questions will have a profound effect upon our merchant marine and upon the policy involved therein. Obviously I cannot personally pass judgment upon highly controversial questions. . . . I propose therefore to appoint a committee of outstanding men who would review these questions and advise upon them and upon the broader policy in merchant-marine organization.

The committee thus chosen is, according to the best count we can obtain, the fourteenth or fifteenth commission appointed by Mr. Hoover since he became President and now becomes the fourth board to deal with the special subject thus assigned to it.

The Shipping Board, in which alone is vested the power to administer the shipping laws of 1916 and 1920, called considerably more than a year ago for competitive sealed bids for the purchase of the America-France and American Diamond Lines. Several bids were received, the highest being that of the United States Lines, which offered $25.38 per dead weight ton. The companies which are operating the two lines bid only $14 a ton each. After publication of the sealed bids one of the operators, the Black Diamond Company, raised its bid to a few cents more than that of the United States Lines. The board having the right to give preferences in the sale of lines under certain circumstances to the operators thereof, the matter hung fire. There immediately developed much political and business pressure, and the board referred the matter to the Merchant Fleet Corporation, which manages and operates the shipping lines of the government, for study and report—a usual procedure. The Shipping Board itself stood five to two in favor of accepting the bid of the United States Lines.

There being a dispute also in regard to the sale of a certain line from the Gulf of Mexico to South America, President Hoover then appointed an Interdepartmental Committee, composed of the Secretary of Commerce, the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster General, and the chairman of the Shipping Board, to study the proper administration of the shipping laws and postal subsidy. This commission promptly appointed a subcommittee to make detailed studies. Meanwhile the Shipping Board was requested to defer action in the matter of the sale of the France and Diamond lines until further advised by the Interdepartmental Committee. About two months ago, after some eleven months of its detailed study, the Interdepartmental Committee notified the Shipping Board that it had no recommendation whatsoever to make and that the Board could go ahead and make its own decision. The board not having acted since then, the President has now appointed the fourth board to pass upon this problem. Mr. Hoover added in his letter: "I do not believe that more than sixty days will be involved in such an inquiry, and I hope the board will feel it will be valuable to all parties and to the board itself to have such an independent report."

Now, with all due respect to the President's statement that "obviously I cannot personally pass judgment upon highly controversial questions," we must point out that that is the duty and the function of the President in the last resort. While it is true that he has no direct power over the Shipping Board, he has by his own words admitted his involvement and responsibility. It is recognized in Washington that the President has general supervision of all branches of the government, and it is impossible to conceive of the Shipping Board refusing to come to a decision if asked to do so by the President. We are, of course, well aware of the fundamental philosophy of Herbert Hoover in such matters. He has deliberately cultivated the commission habit because of his belief that the more American citizens are thus drawn into the functions of government the better it is for the country and all concerned. It does not appear to him that there is any sign of weakness or of "passing the buck" in this procedure. He came back from his work in the Mississippi flood happy because he had appointed a committee in every town, told them what he wanted done, and then had gone his way rejoicing. We find in the New York *Times* a statement that "in his first year the President has appointed half as many commissions as Wilson named in two terms, and two-thirds as many as were established in the Coolidge Administration." The President has his Cabinet and his great array of legal advisers in the office of the Attorney General. Not even they can free him from the final responsibility for the actions of the government.

Fair Harvard

ONLY fair, according to Edward M. Warburg, senior orator at the Class Day exercises. Harvard, it appears, isn't quite what it once was—but then, of course, it never has been. In the long view, however, the case is much worse than it appears, as we have discovered from extended observation of colleges and their graduates. Mr. Warburg has just become an alumnus. When he returns for his quarter-centennial in 1955, with his pockets full of money and his mind full of memories, he will experience a melancholy satisfaction in noting the degeneration that has taken place since the golden age of 1926-30, when as a matter of fact Harvard reached the highest point in its history as an undergraduate institution. And Harvard is exactly like all the rest of them. Putting aside, as we older alumni do, the half-baked notions of this year's graduates, we realize that there was a time when these colleges really bred men. That was in our day, as we well recall, but things are not what they were. And this progressive degeneration, we are sorry to say, has been going on ever since the American college was founded, now nearly three hundred years ago.

But to return to Harvard, the case is not so simple.

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That great institution, it seems, has grown too fast. The teachers, alas, are gone. The days of Agassiz, Norton, and Wendell are no more. "The time of stimulating discussions between student and professor in the classroom is a thing of the past." We profoundly regret this change. Unfortunately it is not peculiar to Harvard; for we well recall the situation some thirty or forty years ago, or whenever it was that we were in college. The college at that time had been going through a period of change, so that the old relations between professors and students no longer existed. But by extraordinary good luck in our own particular institution at that special time, two or three men of the older type still survived. By chance we strayed into their classes, and we remember after all these years how we used to hang 'round and talk with them after class, and how we contrived to see them in one way and another. It was by this combination of sheer good luck and artful design on our part that we managed to acquire the really remarkable education that fell to our lot.

Such opportunities, unhappily, have disappeared. We were talking only the other day, for example, with a fine, eager young man just on the point of graduating from one of our well-known institutions. He told us of the very rapid growth of his college during the present century. The old-time contact between professor and student was entirely gone, he said; but after all it didn't matter, because there were no teachers left among the professors—none of them cared for anything but research. He himself had been rarely fortunate, for he had just happened to get acquainted with two marvelous men on the faculty, who had invited him around to their houses, and he had had a wonderful experience during his senior year, such as he believed had rarely happened to anybody. He felt it a terrible pity that his college had not made any serious effort to get more men of that type. We understood his feeling, for we remembered well how different things were in our own day.

"Harvard," says Mr. Warburg, "finds itself lamentably lacking in teachers and rather overloaded with authorities." Mr. Warburg is right, and Harvard is in the same boat with most of the good colleges of the country. Every college is lamentably lacking in teachers, and for two reasons among others: first, because God in His infinite wisdom did not create enough of them; second, because American college authorities have been suffering for a third of a century from the Ph.D. delusion—the fantastic notion that anyone wearing that badge of servitude has at least a presumptive right to be considered a teacher. There are encouraging signs that this delusion is passing and that the real teacher is once more to get the institutional recognition he has always deserved. He has always had the enthusiastic devotion of the undergraduate. Research is a primary university function; but no institution has any right to palm off on undergraduates research men who do not care to teach and do not know how. We congratulate Mr. Warburg, then, on making a frank and outspoken criticism of his Alma Mater, and we congratulate Harvard on training sons ready to criticize as well as praise. The Class Day orator has done well to reemphasize the dominant place of the teacher in undergraduate life, and we commend to all the colleges his plea that their faculties be composed not simply of authorities but of teachers.

Zero for "All Quiet"

AUX armes, citoyens! The foundations of society are threatened again, but the gods be praised, the Hollywood Technical Directors' Institute stands between us and destruction. Major Frank Pease, president of the institute (at the moment we have no means of knowing whether there are any other members), has sent the following telegram to, among others, the President of the United States, the Attorney General, the Secretaries of War and the Navy, of Commerce and the Treasury, the Governors of all our States, and to foreign governments, "especially to their military offices"—also to the heads of national organizations and editors:

> May we solicit your great influence to help prohibit further showing without drastic censoring and revision of Universal's film All Quiet on the Western Front? This is the most brazen propaganda film ever made in America. It undermines beliefs in the army and in authority. Moscow itself could not have produced a more subversive film. Its continued uncensored exhibition especially before juveniles will go far to raise a race of yellow-streak slackers and disloyalists. Domestic statecraft common sense and plain everyday patriotism demand instant suppression of such vicious propaganda. It is important to act promptly. Accept please our every respect and thanks.

Major Pease, not sure that he has made his point clear, supplements this wire by a circular which we have been fortunate enough to receive. He recommends this "vile film" to everyone's "active hostility and deepest scorn." "Its evil aim," he finds, "is straight upon the military establishments of the whole civilized world. Its powers for subversive damage *transcend all national boundaries.*" He finds that it is even "against the established order and the status quo." Worse, Mr. Lasky has imported "a sadist and monster" by the name of Eisenstein, and Major Pease, speaking with great moderation, is "a trifle aghast" (why only a trifle?) that the "rubber gates of Ellis Island were allowed to stretch wide enough to admit this vermin."

Even more interesting, perhaps, are the thoroughly admirable methods Major Pease's Hollywood Technical Directors' Institute has elaborated of passing on the merits of the talkies. We regret that we cannot reproduce here a photostatic copy of the Technical Release Report. The document, appropriately colored blue, looks at first glance like a three months' laundry bill, running by actual measurement 2 feet, 5¾ inches from top to bottom. It rates each picture for 34 qualities and 171 subqualities. There are five grades: excellent, good, fair, poor, and bad. "All Quiet" has a hole punched under bad in respect of scenario, direction, diction, dialect, plausibility of plot, of situations, of characterizations, of backgrounds, of dramatic logic, interpretation of death, treatment of blasphemy and the Ten Commandments, marriage, civilized conventions of sex, and the double-entendre. We regret to inform our readers, also, that the references to heads of governments are marked bad; the picture is unfit morally, seems also to violate military etiquette, and does not even reach as high as poor on one quality. When Major Pease sees thousands of people crowding to see it, what must he think of human nature?

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IN practically every oration which graced the commencement season the boys and girls were told of progress. Orators said, almost as if it were news, that the ox cart had given way to the automobile. Radio, television, and the telegraph were mentioned as benefits our forefathers never knew. I would be the last to deny that we seem more comfortable. Nor have I any wish to revert and ride behind oxen on a road infested by Fords. Still, I think it no more than reasonable to survey our modernity upon occasion and question its values in the case of each and every individual. Something of reaction has already set in. I am informed that one of the swankiest of New York apartment houses is to be conducted on a telephoneless basis. This is almost enough to tempt me to go in for riches.

When one considers humanity in the mass there is probably no question that the telephone is a beneficent contraption. Our grandfathers were quite unable to call up the delicatessen store and say, "Please send half a dozen ginger ale and a large cake of ice." Only a hundred years ago the man or woman who made an engagement had to keep it, since it was impossible to telephone at the last minute and mutter hoarsely, "I'm so very sorry but the doctor says it looks like tonsilitis."

Vital things like courtship and marriage have been aided and abetted by the telephone. The whole theory that long engagements are necessarily bad was true only in the days before wires were laid. Or possibly they are elevated. When a young man had to go and see his girl every night it was inevitable that they would grow sick to death of each other. But, surely, it is no trouble at all to jiggle the telephone hook and remark tenderly, "How are you, baby?" And with this slight service the average swain of today manages to retain the franchise.

It would not be possible for me to get along in all comfort without 'phone connections. How could I possibly tell the time without benefit of Meridian 1212? Yet, after all these many benefits have been noted, I still maintain that people of weak character suffer prodigiously from this secret passageway which lets the whole world come buzzing into their privacy. For years the English have refused to sanction the construction of a tunnel under the Channel lest this means of easy access be used against them in time of war. But here are we who uncomplainingly allow the walls of our castles to be mined so that some strange voice may rise up at the elbow to mutter, "Wrong number! Excuse it please!"

The magazines which advertise magnetism and French in ten easy lessons leave me cold enough, but I would gladly sign on the dotted line for any concern which would promise to provide me with a ruthless telephonic manner. One of the reasons why I fail to do better essays for *The Nation* is the amount of time I give over to debating with telephoning people who persist in believing that I am in although I make stout denial. Naturally there is no intention to suggest that the world is beating a pathway to this door as if it housed a mouse-trap-maker. Three or four calls in an afternoon are sufficient to frazzle the nerves of a sensitive soul who has work to do and is three hours late in getting at it.

Of course, one good way to avoid telephone interruptions when pressed for time is to sit tight and let the blamed thing ring. This is beyond my capacity. Even press of obligations is not sufficient to deaden wholly the natural instinct of human curiosity. Yet always the message fails to furnish any measure of wish-fulfilment. As I pause and listen the bell seems to be, perhaps, a silvery tinkle. She said goodby but now she wants me to know that she didn't really mean it. But she did. At least as far as present evidence is concerned.

Or somebody says that the bill is already overdue. As if I didn't know it. And yet there is that potentiality behind every clang of the bell which makes its call an insistent nudge not to be denied by any person possessed of even a gram of imagination. It could be Mae, or Grace, or Sally. It could be, and sometimes it is, one of the whimsical saying, "Guess who this is." On the other hand, how can I tell that this is not opportunity itself which comes rap, rap, and buckety through the stillness. Fortune, fatality, "come at once," "be good enough to stay away forever"—any one of these may lurk within the strident summons.

There is one particular fantasy which lingers in my mind and compels me to answer the telephone no matter how insistent is my immediate occupation. I have acted it over in my mind a score of times.

"Heywood Broun?"

"This is Broun."

"Mr. Broun, I am Charles Linick, of the firm of Linick and Flushing. We are the legal representatives of Mr. Horace Tumpkinn, of whose death you may have read in the paper last Tuesday."

"I didn't happen to see it."

"That's of no consequence. Mr. Tumpkinn, who was our client until last Wednesday, was a man of considerable wealth. But eccentric. Very eccentric. We've just had his will probated, or whatever you call it, and it seems that he's left you ten million dollars."

"I'm terribly sorry and shocked at the news of his death and all that. But I'm afraid there's been some mistake. That also shocks me. The fact of the matter is I never knew a Tumpkinn. I never even heard of one. There really must be some mistake."

"Not on our part, I can assure you. He explains it all in his will. I told you he was eccentric. It seems he once saw your picture in the paper and that he never wanted to meet you, but you once wrote a column which amused him and that impelled him to make some little return. It's quite possible, of course, that the will may be broken on account of Mr. Tumpkinn's mental condition. But so far we have been unable to locate any relatives whatsoever. How would you like your money—in cash or a couple of checks?"

Nor is this the only fortunate message which might come in over the wires. A cheerful voice could say, "The offices of *The Nation* are burning down this afternoon and so don't bother to go on with that piece you ought to be writing. The firemen say that we won't be able to use it for at least a month."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Who Killed "Jake" Lingle?

By PAUL BLANSHARD

Chicago, June 23

CHICAGO gangsters have developed an expressive phrase to describe the fever of excitement which follows a conspicuously unpopular murder. A city, they say, is "in heat." Chicago is now in the hottest heat that has come to this city since the primary election of 1928 when the notorious Crowe was swept out of office as State's attorney and the Thompson machine was partially cracked. More than 1,200 suspected gangsters have been arrested in two days. Every edition of every newspaper flings some angry protest against gangsterism or some stinging editorial across its front page. The reason for the turmoil, as all the world knows, is that on June 9 Chicago gangsters murdered Alfred ("Jake") Lingle of the Chicago *Tribune*.

The murder was cold-blooded and carefully planned. A blond man wearing a gray suit and a sailor straw hat walked up behind Lingle while he was hurrying through the Illinois Central traffic tunnel under Michigan Boulevard, pulled out a short-barreled thirty-eight-caliber revolver, gripped it carefully in a gloved hand, and shot him through the head. The killer then threw away his weapon (its numbers had been partially filed off) and dashed away with his five accomplices, while hundreds of pedestrians were all around him.

The chorus of protest has been prodigious and not a little hysterical. Rewards of almost $56,000 for the apprehension of the murderer have been posted by newspapers and civic organizations, and for at least forty-eight hours no gunman or associate of gunmen or unemployed worker who looked like a gunman had constitutional safety in the city. Chief of Detectives John Stege sent out an "execution squad" of city detectives who boast that they have each killed at least one gangster. Their chief gloats over their record—Lieutenant Frank Reynolds has killed eleven men, Lieutenant Patrick O'Connell five, Lieutenant Walter Storms five, Lieutenant William Cusack four, Al Booth six, Andrew Barry six, and so on. The killing squad rounded up 640 men in one night, but not a "big rod" was among them. Al Capone is summering in Miami, where he is vainly trying to break into Florida society; "Bugs" Moran, apparently having advance information of the gang feud which has taken twelve lives in ten days, disappeared three weeks ago. Most of the insignificant hoodlums and ex-burglars rounded up by the police have been released. One judge, Joseph L. McCarthy, rebuked the police for "futile, useless, and illegal arrests." Corporation Counsel Ettelson, the present political ruler of the city, finally decided that some officials must be thrown to the wolves; so the decrepit Mayor Thompson elevated John H. Alcock to the leadership of the police department.

Often in the past the newspaper editors have allowed themselves to be impressed by the feverish energy of the police in rounding up miscellaneous unfortunates. Now they sneer openly. The Chicago *Daily News*, for instance, made the following comment:

> Gangsters grow rich on mere vocal reproof. They care nothing for sensational hunts for murderers. Indeed, these serve the gangsters' purposes. Such hunts help to distract attention from the damning fact that the murder gangs are permitted freely year in and year out to distribute their truckloads of beer and their cases of booze, to run their gambling houses and their houses of prostitution unmolested.
>
> Citizens must cease to participate in the childish game of the police who make a futile hue and cry over past killings while continually inviting fresh killings because of illicit privileges accorded by them to murderous gangsters.

Will the citizens of Chicago follow this advice? The present writer sees little in the economic trends or the current public opinion of Chicago to excite hope for thoroughgoing reform. The public demonstration at Lingle's funeral was profoundly disappointing. Every opportunity was given to make the funeral one of the greatest demonstrations in the city's history. Advance notices were carried on the front pages of the papers. A parade with bands, police companies, uniformed sailors, and official salutes featured the occasion. But not more than four or five thousand people watched the spectacle, and I, for one, heard no expressions of outraged civic pride. Four judges, a police commissioner, a State's attorney, and a county clerk attended the ceremonies. Contrast this demonstration with the funeral of "Big Jim" Colosimo, lord of Chicago's vice districts, which was graced by the attendance of eight aldermen, three judges, a Congressman, a State representative, and an assistant State's attorney. Anthony D'Andrea, Chicago gangster shot in 1921, had a funeral cortege two and one-half miles long with eight thousand people in attendance.

It may be said with some justice that the great gangster funerals of Chicago's past have been demonstrations by immigrant groups who value mortuary display more than the average citizen. It may also be said that Lingle was not the perfect martyr to arouse Chicago's emotion; he was a friend of Al Capone, a go-between rather than a writer, and he was not engaged in any dramatic crusade for civic reform when he was killed. He was a habitual gambler who made six or eight cash (no check) deposits a month of $500 to $800 in the Lake Shore Trust and Savings Bank. The shot that killed him was fired from a gun belonging to an ex-member of the Moran gang, a traitor to that gang who had deserted to Capone, and the presumption is that the killer was a North Side gangster who attacked Lingle because of his friendship for Capone. But these doubts concerning Lingle were not known widely at the time of his funeral; ostensibly he was an independent citizen killed in the line of duty.

Moreover, the killing of Lingle was the climax to a long series of murders. During 1929 the gang murders in Chicago numbered about one a week; this year the average has been closer to two a week. No one has the slightest hope of convicting a Chicago gangster of murder by ordinary processes of law. It has been accomplished only once—and then the murderer escaped the electric chair. It is an accepted fact that the only way to punish a Chicago gangster is to "shoot it out" with him. The police have shot nineteen criminals this

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year to date, although not all of them were gangsters. The gangsters have executed forty-two of their own number. Also, they have executed a few of the police, but these police killings are usually considered incidental and not deliberate, occurring only in those rare instances when the police interfere with the gangsters' major economic activities. For the most part the gangsters are loath to shoot a policeman, because the policeman is ordinarily a part of the system which feeds and clothes the gangster.

The process by which the Chicago gangster evades conviction is simple and effective. He hires expensive lawyers with political pull; and he bribes or shoots the witnesses. Sometimes the witness is poisoned or strangled or given a palatial home in Italy, but the results are uniform. President Frank J. Loesch of the Chicago Crime Commission declares that practically every important prosecution of gangsters fails because witnesses hide, leave the State, commit perjury, refuse to testify at the grand jury hearings, or, having testified honestly, change their evidence in open court. There is no reason to believe that the Lingle case will be different from the rest; so far this year not a single gangster-murderer has been even indicted. Last year there were six indictments but no convictions.

In these facts lies the explanation of the power of the underworld not only in Chicago but in every large city in America. As a class, the rulers and protectors of American cities are hardly, if any, more law-abiding than the criminals they are supposed to control. Money, or the power it brings, are first considerations. It is common knowledge that bribes, perjury, the crudest kind of graft, and even an occasional murder are employed by the "hard-boiled" citizens who control municipal government. Years ago it was customary and considered necessary for the head of the police force in any large city to maintain certain useful contacts with the underworld. Today, and for a different reason, officialdom, from the chief of police to the neighborhood cop, has such contacts, close or distant as they may be.

These are the underlying causes of the phenomenon of Chicago crime. It has passed through many phases. For a time the labor racketeers held the center of the stage. Its present, most bloody, phase began when prohibition, offering the possibility of enormous illegal profits, was enacted. At present, almost all the strife and certainly three-fourths of the killings are directly traceable to the liquor racket. The hijackers, beer-runners, and alcohol-cookers have stolen the show. Booze is king of the underworld.

Picture a city of more than three million which had 7,500 saloons before prohibition and which voted six to one against the dry law. Remember, too, that this city has been the traffic crossroads for a large part of the Middle West. Through it have poured the hogs, wheat, lumber—and booze—of a great stretch of the hinterland. Then remember that the sentiment of Chicago has swung farther and farther away from the spirit of war-time abstinence which brought the Eighteenth Amendment, until in the recent *Literary Digest* poll less than 14 per cent of the Chicago vote of 115,493 was cast for strict enforcement. Obviously, under such circumstances bootlegging becomes an accepted and honorable profession. City Treasurer Charles S. Peterson estimates that Chicago spends thirty millions a year for liquor, of which fifteen millions go for gangsters and bribery. Capone himself has estimated that thirty millions are spent for protection alone. The Chicago *Daily News* puts the total weekly liquor and racket bill at $5,785,000 distributed as follows:

Beer, booze, alcohol	$3,510,000
Gambling houses and handbooks	1,250,000
Disorderly houses, call flats, shady hotels	1,000,000
Labor rackets, bombings, arson, kidnappings	25,000
Total	$5,785,000

There is sufficient surplus profit in the liquor racket alone to buy up a half-dozen municipal governments. Of the alleged annual liquor bill of $182,520,000 at least three-fourths is profit—in fact the estimate of profit is much more certain than the estimate of total receipts because the costs and sale prices of Chicago liquor are public property. The *Daily News* estimates 600 per cent profit on beer and 350 per cent profit on whiskey for the average Chicago bootlegger before protection money is paid. The speakeasy proprietor's profit must come after that. An experienced Chicago attorney estimates that he can make $50,000 profit on alcohol in thirty days from one thousand-gallon still by paying $25,000 for construction, $25,000 for materials, and $50,000 for protection. Thus, if we ignore all the profits of gambling and prostitution and allow the liquor gangs a modest 300 per cent on their estimated total sales, we find that they have about $137,000,000 a year to spend upon themselves, the police, and the politicians.

The city is alleged to have 2,000 gangsters. When $137,000,000 is divided up astutely it will pay 2,000 gangsters an average salary of $20,000 a year each, it will give 10,000 policemen pocket money of $20 a week each, and it will leave $86,000,000 for the "big shots" of protection—the lawyers, politicians, judges, and prohibition officers. Private profit maintains and fortifies Chicago's gang wars.

Why Chicago's gang wars are worse than those of other cities has never been satisfactorily explained. There have been many theories, and some very good ones. Chicago's whole history has been turbulent, and when once a city has become a magnet for adventurous spirits its reputation continues to draw like to like. The Illinois Crime Survey, William Bolitho, and others have discussed the racial forces that underlie Chicago's feuds. I shall only mention them here. There are in Chicago great undigested chunks of Sicilians and Irish and others who have forsaken their old *mores* and not yet adjusted themselves to the politer ways of getting something for nothing which characterize American business enterprise. The era of gangsterism is for many of these foreign groups an interim between two cultures.

Chicago's cultural indigestion is more acute than New York's because in the latter city Tammany acts as a gang stabilizer. There is one district captain to see about the local policeman and one intimate of the city magistrate to use his "influence." Gang life in New York tends to dovetail into the one political machine and thus avoids the waste and duplication of the struggles for territorial control. In Chicago every election is a battle in which the power of gangland is increased by the dependence of both sides upon gang support. Despite its present excitement Chicago will probably accomplish as little in apprehending and punishing the murderer of Lingle as it has done in previous murders, for the simple reason that the upper world is too much involved with the underworld, and the upper world will not convict itself.

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Women Go Free in Central Asia

By LOUIS FISCHER

Bokhara, May 8

UNLIKE the women of the rest of Central Asia, the women of Kazakstan go unveiled. The ugly black *parandjah* never hides their pan-shaped, Mongoloid faces. They work. The husbands smoke, sleep, sing ballads, and drink green tea while the wives tend the flocks, keep the household, and rear tremendous families. The men, almost living on horses—one sees them sitting, standing, crouching, dozing on their bony, shaggy mountain ponies—are unaccustomed to physical labor. Their delicate, almost lady-like hands bear witness to the fact. Proletarianization, now rapidly proceeding in Kazakstan—the Turkestan-Siberian railway will stimulate it—must remold the muscles and minds of a whole race.

Like their half-brothers in other parts of Central Asia (Uzbeks, Tadjiks, Kirghizi, and Turkomans), the Kazaks are Moslem. But the predominating outside social and ethnological influences in Kazakstan are Chinese rather than Arab, Turanian, or Indian as in Tashkent, Samarkand, Bokhara, and Khiva. The harem, therefore, never existed. Until the Soviet regime proscribed polygamy by law and extirpated it in practice, rich Kazaks owned three, sometimes four wives, to each of whom a typical circular, felt-covered, mushroom-like yurt was assigned. Yet women were not segregated as in all other parts of Turkestan. In fact, before 1917—and now too, though the evidence is hearsay—guests might avail themselves of a Kazak's spouse with his consent.

Nomad life, which the Five-Year Plan promises largely to abolish, and hard labor earn the Kazak woman greater rights and freedom than in the more western sections of former Turkestan. Given the cultural backwardness of these regions, however, the whole thing is extremely relative. In Kazakstan and throughout Central Asia *kalim,* or the selling of brides, for instance, still persists. At one station along the Turksib I stood in the midst of a large group of Kazak men and women—the men dressed in black, fleece-padded caftans and tremendous fur caps despite the semi-tropical sun, for the nights are bitterly cold; the women wearing colorful gowns and coats, with huge white hoods with turban-like extensions wrapped around their shining flat brown faces, punctured by smiling slit eyes. I asked one Kazak whether women could be bought. He answered in the affirmative, but drew his hand back into his sleeve—a quaint way of saying that since the revolution the purchases must be made secretly. He nevertheless made no secret of his own transaction. For in reply to my direct question he stated that his wife had cost him five hundred rubles which he was paying off in instalments. "Is she worth it?" I asked. He shook a vigorous "Yes" and called on the assembled multitude to bear him out. They did. "I doubt," he then added with Oriental slyness, "whether my daughter will ever afford me the opportunity of balancing the account. The ways of our youth are different."

A gigantic battle has been proceeding throughout Soviet Central Asia to eliminate *kalim,* child marriage, and the veiled woman. The scenes of bitterest struggle are Uzbekistan, Tadjikistan, and Turkmenistan—the former Turkestan, Bokhara, and Khiva. Legislation and economic conditions spelled the death of the popular institutions of harem and polygamy. But woman remained a subjected, inferior species until propaganda, education, and force opened the door to a new freedom.

The fight for the liberation of Eastern women has fed the sources of counter-revolution in Central Asia. Wives and daughters have been killed for discarding the veil. Villages have risen up in angry protest. The Bolsheviks were tampering with customs centuries old, rooted in a fanatical religion, and regarded as the pillars of family existence. Yet no respite was allowed, and although the war is by no means ended the issue is clear and the results are apparent. In Tashkent, Samarkand, and Bokhara, the three leading cities of this territory, I saw more women without than with veils. It is no pleasure to wear a thick, dirty rag between yourself and the sun, air, and outside world. If the women had their way all would bare their faces. But the men interfere.

In Bokhara I talked for two hours with an Uzbek actress, Halima Nazrekaz. Eighteen, pretty, full of character, she combined unbounded primitive frankness with the bashfulness of girlhood and civilization. From her I understood best the bitter antagonisms and the romance of this drive to raise women to the status of human beings. Her family unites the new and the old. Halima married one year ago a man of her own choice—an Uzbek *Komosomol* (young Communist) actor and playwright. Her sister, aged twenty-four, was sold to a patriarch of seventy-two by her father. Formerly, when Halima wished to visit her sister's rural home she donned a veil. In distant *kishlaks,* or Uzbek villages, an uncovered woman courts danger from the men, who fear the contagious effect of her example on their wives and sisters. Now Halima has abandoned the trips: on the one hand, she cannot bear the hypocrisy of veiling herself for special occasions; on the other hand, two actresses have been killed, and she must be more cautious.

The actress is kissed and embraced on the stage. She dances in public. Although a large mixed audience in colorful native costume seemed to enjoy the Persian musical comedy I watched in the Bokhara theater, many non-progressive elements of the population rebel against such "immoral conduct." A fellow-actress of Halima's went home to her peasant parents last year. The girl's father conspired with several neighbors. Together they hacked her into bits and hid the pieces. The odor divulged their secret several months later and the group were condemned to death—for counter-revolution. Another actress met a similarly gruesome end.

Halima calls herself a "new one"—a new woman. The local populations call the "new ones" "Russians." The influence from the West is resented, but by a diminishing number. The youth of the country staunchly support the Soviets in their attempt to free the female sex; the women themselves actively and passively cooperate; while the men either see the light or become reconciled to an inevitable change. To Halima, the Easterner, light comes from the

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West. Educated in the cursive Arabic script, she has already learned the Latin alphabet newly introduced for all Turanian nationalities in the Soviet Union. She has read Goethe and Schiller in translation, and the classic Russians in the original. Personally, too, she said, she liked Russian men better than Uzbeks.

She was stolen from her family at the age of twelve by a man now working in Meyerhold's theater. He carried her off to Baku to study at a dramatic technicum. "He was to me as a father," she assured us, knowing that we had heard of girl marriages at unripe ages, "and consecrated me to the art he himself loved." To dispel remnants of suspicion she may have seen in our faces she protested that she "did not go in to her husband for the first three months"—all this in the most natural tones. Then she took us to her dormitory and showed the Uzbek costumes which she wears at home in preference to her European street clothes. I asked about her family. Her father has never swallowed the bitter pill of a daughter on the public stage, and when she goes down to Ferghana to visit him he refuses to see her. The mother's heart is softer and more understanding.

Halima is not a member of the Communist Party. Yet her views, philosophy, and manners are Soviet. She knows no other life. "But for the revolution," she said, "I might have been one of many in an old uncle's harem."

On the day I met Halima I also visited the palaces of the former emir of Bokhara. The winter palace within the city was badly damaged in the fighting in 1920 which drove poor Said Mir Alim Khan to Kabul, where he now sells *karakul*. But its distinguishing feature is still pointed out—a spacious *haus* or pool where the harem women bathed while the emir reclined on a throne and made his daily choice. Custom permitted the emir to keep ninety-nine wives. Actually, however, he rarely had more than seventy-two, for his time and energies were also required by affairs of state.

Under such a government the Halimas and their sisters would have remained the toys of men. The backwardness of this feudal province made the Bolshevik revolution all the more necessary, and makes the resultant reforms all the more deep-reaching and irrevocable. When the fundamental conditions of personal and family life have been changed as in Soviet Central Asia with the approval of one sex and the sympathetic understanding of a large part of the other there is no return to the old. The doctrinaire may argue that primitive regions like Bokhara are not ripe for socialism. Actually, however, the social revolution has struck firmer root and provoked greater enthusiasm here than in some other sections of the Soviet Union.

The revolution has introduced Central Asia's women into the economic world. Formerly, woman's place was in the harem, or in the home, but certainly not in the factory or store and least of all in politics. Today, women have invaded all these fields. Indeed, we were officially welcomed to Samarkand by Shora Abidova. At the age of twelve her father had given her in marriage. Now she is vice-president of the Uzbek Republic.

A new silk factory in Bokhara is almost entirely "manned" by women—a normal situation in most places but unusual in Central Asia. Here as everywhere in former Turkestan one finds a leaven of Russian women who act as examples of higher culture and greater freedom. And since complete equality of nationalities permits of intimate interracial contact (in contradistinction to prerevolutionary days when the officially superior Russian was the hated colonizer), a natural exchange of ideas and social influences takes place which makes for progress and for more tolerance on both sides. The Uzbek ex-harem slave is grateful to the Russian who leads the way to personal liberty. This is an important political factor.

The factories and shops are used as nuclei of propaganda. There are stores for women only, served by women only; veiled women will not, without embarrassment, buy from men. But these stores do not merely serve the convenience of "old ones" who still wear the *parandjah*. I entered one in this city, once the "ruby of the East" but now faded, jaded, and down at the heel on account of the Bolshevik policy toward trade. There were three saleswomen: a Russian, a native Uzbek, and a beautiful Bokharan Jewess. When a veiled woman comes in she lifts her veil—no men are about. She is complimented on her looks. She is told the advantages of an uncovered face and head. "But my husband? How will my father react?" More propaganda. They urge her to come to the club that evening. "We will talk it over."

She listens to a lecture in the club. A woman agitator draws her into private conversation. The matter is a delicate one. A family may be destroyed. A woman may be beaten or killed. If she is convinced only half the battle is won. She may uncover and veil again under her husband's compulsion. Can they exert pressure on him? He may be threatened, or warned, or persuaded. If he is not a peasant or merchant public opinion can be mobilized against him.

The task is not easy. Every weapon is employed. Woman has been led into the school, the dispensary, and the hospital. Under the emir, no male physicians could examine a woman patient, and there were no female doctors. In extreme cases the husband described the symptoms to the physician, who then made his diagnosis on that basis. Today, however, that prejudice is completely swept away, and in Tashkent, Samarkand, and Bokhara I saw queues of women awaiting treatment at government medical centers. This may seem very little to the Western reader. In Central Asia it represents a cultural revolution.

The authorities try to reach the woman's heart and mind through her child. Despite the abundance of health-giving sunlight infant mortality is very great owing to primitive customs, ignorance, and lack of facilities. Scores of child-welfare bureaus have been established. Every baby saved by their advice means a mother won for more modern Soviet notions. I am told that in Kazakstan there have been opened ambulatory day nurseries which move with the nomads. Expeditions of physicians hunt out most remote human settlements, discover their diseases, and go away leaving behind them hitherto unknown miracle-working substances: iodine, borax, castor oil, soap.

Every doctor, every creche, every unveiled woman, every woman member of a Soviet, every economically independent woman is a propaganda unit for the liberation of the whole sex from a humiliating slavery consciously fostered by the old regime. The entire situation strikes at religion, with the aid of which the old bondage was maintained. And it creates an infection which is carried to other Moslem lands, for it is no accident that parallel movements for woman's elementary freedom have sprung up in the same decade in Turkey and Afghanistan, to some extent in Persia, and in Soviet Central Asia.

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Babes in the Hoover Wood

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, June 21

THOSE babes in the wood who professed to believe up to the last fateful hour that Herbert Hoover would "prove his courage" and "vindicate his statesmanship" by vetoing the Grundy tariff are entitled to the sympathy and understanding of all who cherish Samaritan instincts. The fault in their reasoning was that it missed the point. That the bill violated the President's campaign pledges, that it flouted his recommendation to Congress, that it would reduce exports and increase unemployment, that it provided for indefensible rate increases—as statements of fact all these were incontrovertible, but as arguments that the President would not sign they were quite irrelevant. He did not sign the bill because it was a good bill, or the sort of bill he had requested, or wanted, for obviously it was neither. He signed it because the interests that wanted it, and would profit by it, and by whose lobbyists many of its principal schedules were written will exercise a powerful, if not the controlling, influence in the next Republican national convention and will supply the bulk of Republican campaign funds in the next Presidential campaign. Writing in *The Nation* of March 26, your humble correspondent stated:

> I venture to forecast that no matter what form the bill finally takes, it will prove to be the very bill that he [President Hoover] wanted all along, and that its enactment in the form in which it finally is enacted will be hailed as vindicating his leadership.

It was so hailed less than twenty-four hours after its passage by Mr. Hoover himself in terms of fulsome eulogy beside which the rustic tub-thumping of Jim Watson sounded like simple candor. As an experiment in political thinking, let me suggest to all earnest seekers after truth who have been perplexed by the Great Engineer's official acts that they try interpreting all the more important examples in terms of his anxiety to be renominated and reelected. That part of their bewilderment which remains thereafter can be explained on the ground of his political misjudgment.

* * * * *

THE White House case of prickly heat has not been improved by Dwight Morrow's spectacular victory in New Jersey. Despite the State's admitted wetness the stunning size of Morrow's plurality has vastly aggravated official doubts concerning the popularity of the Noble Experiment, and, infinitely more alarming, it has established Morrow beyond all cavil as the most formidable potential rival of Hoover for the Republican nomination in 1932. Whether Representative Franklin Fort was projected into the race in a deliberate effort to forestall just such a development may be more accurately determined when we see what happens to Mr. Fort. If presently he receives a dignified appointment in the Administration, jaundiced persons will be tempted to regard it as his solace and reward for making the great sacrifice. It is illuminating to observe the precipitate haste with which the President announced his purpose to support Morrow in the general election. Was this the result of two great minds being reconciled on the issues? Morrow was nominated, and will campaign for election, on a platform advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Hoover was nominated and elected on a platform promising maintenance and enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. In other words, Hoover is supporting Morrow on a platform almost identical with that of Al Smith. Did Mr. Hoover secretly agree with Governor Smith, whom he opposed and defeated, or does he secretly disagree with Morrow, whom he is supporting? Two other explanations suggest themselves: that Mr. Hoover is more interested in party success than in the preservation of the Eighteenth Amendment, or that he is eager to secure Morrow in the bonds of obligation before the little man from New Jersey becomes too big. It will be recalled that the President did not hasten to announce his support of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick when she was nominated, although she is just as good a Republican as Mr. Morrow and believes the Experiment to be just as Noble as Mr. Hoover believed it was when he was a candidate.

* * * * *

IN connection with Muscle Shoals legislation, the last pretense of sincerity has been stripped from the Old Guard leaders in the House by their refusal to accept the compromise offer of the Senate conferees. Their professed concern to utilize the property in the production of cheap fertilizer "for the benefit of the farmer" has been exposed as a smoke screen behind which they attempted to conceal their actual purposes—that of preventing government operation of the power plant under conditions that would disclose the extent of the profits now made by private power companies. The conference committee faced the fact that the bill passed by the Senate provided for government operation of the power plant and the nitrate plant, whereas the House bill provided for the leasing of both to private interests. The Senate conferees thereupon proposed a compromise whereby the nitrate plant would be leased to a fertilizer company and the government would operate the power plant, contracting to supply the private company with all the power required to operate the nitrate plant and reserving only the right to sell surplus power to municipalities, counties, and States. Obviously, this offer made every reasonable concession, and afforded every possible guaranty for the production of fertilizer up to the full capacity of the plant. Nevertheless, the House conferees rejected it. Why? Because the House bosses were determined (1) that the consumers now purchasing current from the Alabama Power Company must not be permitted to buy it from the government, (2) that a settlement of the problem must be staved off until circumstances were more propitious for an attempt to turn the whole property over to the power trust, and (3) that under no circumstances must the government set up a yardstick by which the cost of generating and distributing power could be accurately determined and made known to the public. Ex-

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posed and discredited, the power trust still has its way in the House, and the world may know that good old Claudius Huston did not labor and collect in vain.

* * * * *

NO one can accuse the writer of failing to appreciate the admirable accomplishments of the Senate Lobby Committee. Few committees of Congress have shed light in more places requiring illumination and sanitation. Consequently it is painful to acknowledge that the committee's abject surrender in the face of Bishop Cannon's contemptuous challenge constitutes one of the most ignominious spectacles witnessed by Washington in many a day. The two principally responsible for it were Senators Caraway and Borah. With little Arthur Robinson of Indiana they comprised the majority by whose vote the white flag finally was run up. After ascertaining from E. C. Jameson, New York capitalist, that he had given Cannon $65,300 to be used in carrying the South for Hoover in 1928, and that Cannon had accounted for only $17,000 of it; and after seeking and obtaining evidence that the reverend Bishop had lost large sums through a bucket-shop, the committee simply folded up in the face of his refusal to tell what he did with the remaining $48,300. The excuse that it lacked authority to complete the inquiry it had begun lost whatever force it might have had when Caraway, Borah, and Robinson voted down Walsh's motion to ask the Senate for additional authority. Not only had Borah indicated an intention to support that motion, but he actually had conveyed the impression that he would present the request to the Senate. When the vote was taken behind closed doors he was recorded in the negative! Caraway's maneuvers were even more difficult to follow. First he laid the groundwork for cross-examining Cannon by subjecting Jameson to a thorough grilling. Then he went to Arkansas to keep an engagement, where he issued a statement apparently upholding Cannon's refusal to testify. Next he returned to Washington and declared in an interview that his Arkansas statement had been "unhappily phrased" and "generally misinterpreted," and that he had assured Senators Walsh and Blaine of his loyal support. Finally, he voted against requiring Cannon to answer, voted against certifying him for contempt, and voted against asking for an extension of authority—in other words, his votes coincided precisely with the "misinterpretation" which had been placed on his Arkansas statement. Subsequently in the Senate he added the crowning touch by denouncing as "common liars" all who intimated that he had ever changed his position on the subject! Doubtless I shall incur the same epithet from other sources when I say that ordinarily Caraway is one of the most courageous and consistent men in the Senate, but it is true, and what happened in this instance conveys some idea of the pressure and intimidation that were exercised to halt the investigation. The one member who never wavered or winced was John J. Blaine of Wisconsin.

Southern Labor and the Law

By WEIMAR JONES

STRIKES. Violence. Court trials. That is the ordinary sequence of events in labor wars. And the Southern textile-mill strikes of 1929 ran true to form. The strikes—a sort of psychological spontaneous combustion that closed 350 mills in three States within a month—are history. The eight shot to death, victims of the conflict, have long since been buried. The third chapter was written when a jury returned a verdict in the last of the criminal cases growing out of the strikes, the State of North Carolina failing in its effort to secure convictions for the murder of Mrs. Ella Mae Wiggins. Mrs. Wiggins, the mother of five small children, paid with her life for daring to espouse radical political and economic doctrines; in all the bitterness of the trial she was charged with no other crime.

The purpose of this article is to present what was not possible until completion of this last case, namely, the record of the Southern courts in dispensing justice in the strike cases against unionists, anti-unionists, and officers.

Violence incident to the strikes began at Elizabethton, Tennessee, in April, 1929, three weeks after the first walkout; it culminated six months later at Marion, North Carolina, in six deaths. Any informed person in the South knows that there was lawlessness on the part of the strikers during this six months' period. But it is to the credit of the uneducated and underpaid Southern textile worker that he was not the first to flout the law. The first violence, at Elizabethton, was by an anti-unionist mob. Next it broke out at Gastonia, North Carolina—this time on the part of a mob that disapproved of both labor unions and radical ideas. And at Marion, North Carolina, the mills had been violating the State labor laws long before their operatives, working twelve hours and twenty minutes a day, at last rebelled. (This oft-repeated charge has never been denied, but the law-enforcement agencies have blandly ignored it.)

There were eight major cases of violence incident to the strikes. There was the "chamber-of-commerce" kidnapping at Elizabethton on April 4, when Alfred Hoffman and E. F. McGrady, of the American Federation of Labor, were taken from their hotel, carried into another State, and ordered never to return. But the organizers did return, and quoted members of the mob as saying they represented the Elizabethton Chamber of Commerce. Five prominent business men of the town were arrested, but the efforts of the courts ended with the arrests. The case remained untried for nearly a year, and on February 10, 1930, Judge D. A. Vines arbitrarily ordered it stricken from the docket.

At Gastonia, three weeks after the left-wing National Textile Workers' Union had called a strike at the Loray mills, union headquarters and a grocery store run for the relief of needy strikers were demolished with axes and sledge hammers in the hands of a masked mob. The noise proved insufficient to rouse from sleep the two companies of national guardsmen, quartered two blocks away, who had been ordered to Gastonia to protect property. Fourteen arrests were made, but the Gaston County grand jury, after examining more than one hundred witnesses, reported itself

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unable to find sufficient evidence to warrant indictments. The report added naively that after all the damage was "not exceeding $500."

The radical leaders established new headquarters and a tent colony for evicted strikers. This time they took no chances. They posted armed pickets about the camp. And it was here, on the night of June 7, that O. F. Aderholt, Gastonia's chief of police, was fatally shot. Three patrolmen who were with him and a union organizer were wounded at the same time. Out of seventy-one persons arrested, the authorities finally picked sixteen to charge with the murder of Aderholt and with assaults on his three patrolmen. (Apparently it did not occur to the solicitor's office that the wounding of the union organizer might be construed as assault.) This time the grand jury, after examining four witnesses, had no difficulty in finding evidence sufficient to warrant indictments against all sixteen.

There were three efforts to try the case. At the first, defense attorneys signed affidavits telling of threats made against them, and a change of venue was ordered. At the second, a mistrial was declared when a juror became insane. When the case came up the third time the charges were dropped against all but seven of the defendants, and the degree of the charge was lowered from first- to second-degree murder. On this charge each of the seven was convicted; they were also found guilty of assault on each of the three wounded patrolmen. They were sentenced to prison for terms ranging from five to twenty years, the most severe punishment falling to Fred Erwin Beal and other "outside" organizers. The case was appealed, but the decision has not been made at this writing (June 18).

There were two legal issues submitted to the jury: Was there a conspiracy? Were the defendants, if guilty of firing the shots that killed Aderholt and wounded his patrolmen, justified? The State's evidence tending to establish proof of conspiracy was mainly confined to reports of alleged threats. The defense, asserting that the strikers were justified in firing (if they did), pointed out that their first headquarters had been destroyed and no one punished; that the national guardsmen had been withdrawn almost immediately thereafter; and that Aderholt and his patrolmen forced their way into the camp without search warrants. On the question of justification Judge M. V. Barnhill charged the jury that "the occupant of private property has a right to guard same and to have guns on the property"; he pointed out, however, that only such force as is necessary may lawfully be used to eject trespassers, and he left it to the jury to determine if the officers were trespassers.

Careful reading of the evidence and the argument of counsel, however, leads to the conclusion that it was on neither of these legal issues, but on a third, that of communism, that the jury based its verdict. Once Judge Barnhill admitted communism in evidence, prosecution counsel never permitted the jurors to forget it; in their most vehement denunciations of the defendants, in fact, they forgot the murder charge and asserted that the safety of the government, American institutions, and the home virtually depended upon conviction of the men on trial. The truth is that the conviction of murder was merely technical; actually, the seven men face prison sentences because of their beliefs.

Anti-Communist sentiment ran high in Gastonia, and when the second effort to try the Aderholt case ended in a mistrial the anger of the townspeople knew no bounds. A mob formed. It raided "red" headquarters. It motored to Charlotte, where the case was tried, and repeated the performance there. It surrounded the residence of Tom P. Jimison, a defense attorney, and demanded his person—only to find that he was not at home. And then it took three union organizers from their boarding-house, carried them into the neighboring county of Cabarrus, and severely flogged one of them. The rite was interrupted by the arrival of two curious 'possum hunters—the mob took to its heels. All efforts to convict and punish the guilty persons ended in failure, and the attempts to secure convictions were marked by a series of the most shameful episodes in the history of the North Carolina courts. State's witnesses were arbitrarily jailed "for investigation"; the testimony of Ben Wells, the man flogged, who had identified members of the mob, was ordered stricken from the record when he denied belief in a Supreme Being (later, in Cabarrus County, a different judge admitted the testimony, but that trial ended in acquittal); Solicitor John G. Carpenter "neglected" to summon perhaps the one witness who could testify impartially, a Charlotte newspaperman who told the solicitor he could identify a Gastonia policeman as a member of the mob; and finally, after seven men had been held for the Gaston County grand jury, that body absolutely refused to return indictments—an action characterized by Judge H. Hoyle Sink as "a plain miscarriage of justice."

A week after the Charlotte kidnapping Cleo Tessnair, union organizer, was speaking at Kings Mountain, North Carolina. His open-air speaking stand was dynamited from under him, and that night he was taken from his home, carried into South Carolina, beaten, and ordered to run as bullets flicked the dirt at his heels. Authorities promptly announced initiation of three separate investigations—and the case ended there.

Mrs. Wiggins was slain near Gastonia on Saturday afternoon, September 13. She was one of twenty-one passengers on a truck that had started to an open-air strikers' meeting in South Gastonia. Announcement by strike leaders that the meeting would be held had been met with threats that it would not be permitted, but the threats apparently were not taken seriously. The truck carrying the woman came from Bessemer City, nearby. A mob which had formed halted it, ordered it to turn back to Bessemer City, and then followed it. A little later a car came from behind the vehicle, passed it, and cut sharply in front, causing a collision. During the confusion Mrs. Wiggins was shot and instantly killed.

At the investigation nine were held for the Gaston County grand jury. Again it refused to indict. Governor O. Max Gardner sent Judge P. A. McElroy to Gastonia to conduct a new investigation, and he held fourteen for action by the new grand jury that took office January 1, 1930. That body, after long deliberation, and under considerable pressure from the presiding judge, at length returned indictments against five of the fourteen. At the trial witness after witness positively identified Horace Wheelus as the man who fired the fatal shot, and the State connected each of the other four defendants with the crime. The defense's reply was what it termed "an air-tight, watertight alibi." Once again mill-paid attorneys rang the changes on communism, marriage, race prejudice, and atheism; and once again they won. The verdict was "not guilty."

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Two incidents of the trial threw considerable light on the situation. The first was the attitude of Solicitor Carpenter in opposing a change of venue. The motion for the change was offered by Attorney General Dennis G. Brummitt, ordered by Governor Gardner to assist the solicitor in the prosecution, but Carpenter declared that the motion was a reflection on the citizenship of Gaston County. The other was a juror's explanation of how the verdict was reached. "The State just didn't have the witnesses we could depend on," he said, explaining that he had reference to "the *type* of witnesses offered." Most of the State's witnesses were on the truck with Mrs. Wiggins, and therefore marked with the brand of communism.

Two of the trials incident to the strike grew out of occurrences at Marion, North Carolina—the "furniture rebellion" and the "Marion massacre." In the first, fifty-three strikers were charged with "rebellion against the State of North Carolina," the State's first rebellion case since Reconstruction. The Clinchfield mills found inconvenient a promise not to import outside labor, and broke it. The answer of the strikers was to throw the furniture of a "scab" out of the mill-owned house in which it had just been placed. Sheriff Oscar F. Adkins attempted to replace it but failed, and he and his deputies retired amid jeers, sticks, and stones.

Of the fifty-three, the State put on trial only four—Alfred Hoffman, leader of the strike, and three of his lieutenants. The charges were non-suited by Judge G. V. Cowper at the end of the State's evidence. The warrants had been amended, however, to charge also "rioting and resisting officers." The four were put on trial on these two charges and convicted of the former. On account of ill health Hoffman was let off with a fine of $1,000 and a month in jail. The other three were sentenced to six months each on the roads. In these cases also, appeals are still pending.

At one o'clock on the morning of October 2 a new strike was called in the mill of the Marion Manufacturing Company. Dawn found the strikers picketing the mill; in the mill gate were Sheriff Adkins, most of his deputies, and a number of deputized "loyal" mill workers, prepared for trouble. In an attempt to disperse the crowd Adkins released tear gas. Just then shots were fired—a volley, another volley. It lasted about three minutes. When it ended, twenty-one victims lay in the village street, all of them workers. Three of them were dead. The other eighteen were taken to the hospital where three more died; not one of these was armed.

Adkins and fifteen deputies were charged with murder. At the preliminary hearing the sheriff and seven deputies denied firing and were freed; the other eight, admitting they shot at the strikers, were held. On trial these eight took the stand and testified that the strikers fired first; that the defendants shot in defense of their own lives; that they did not, as the State charged, fire at fleeing strikers, and that they shot only at those strikers firing at them. But they could not satisfactorily explain how it was, if they fired only at those shooting at them, that none of the wounded were armed, how it happened that many of the strikers were shot in the back, why they were struck by none of the alleged shots from the strikers, and why, if it was necessary for them to defend their lives, the other eight officers present felt no such necessity.

Strikers' testimony that they were unarmed and did not fire was corroborated in part by two disinterested witnesses, newspapermen, who gave it as their opinion that the first shots were fired by officers. The chief issue before the jury was: Did the officers use more force than necessary? That question the jurors answered in the negative, and the deputies were acquitted.

To summarize: Of eight slain in the three States, seven were strikers; the only murder conviction was of strikers for the death of an officer. In two of the major cases, strikers were accused and convicted. In five, anti-unionist mobs were accused and no one was convicted; and in one, officers (some of them mill-paid) were accused and acquitted. That is the record for the major cases. The percentages are the same in the dozens of minor ones. In every case where strikers were put on trial strikers were convicted; in not one case where anti-unionists or officers were accused has there been a conviction.

That is the record. Surely it speaks for itself.

In the Driftway

THERE is a widespread tradition that no small boy can face a sewing machine or an alarm clock without an immediate longing to take it apart. The Drifter must confess that he never felt this urge. Perhaps the sad tale of Humpty Dumpty made too deep an impression on his young mind, or perhaps screws and cogs simply produced in him a profound inertia. Certain it is that he never interfered with a sewing machine, no hapless clock ever strewed his nursery floor, and the ways of a machine—any machine—are still shrouded in mystery.

* * * * *

THUS the Drifter was agreeably surprised not long ago to learn that Big Ben, most reassuring of England's familiar spirits, is not above a simple remedy when it varies some fraction of a second from the Greenwich standard. There is a tray fixed about halfway down the pendulum, and whenever Big Ben runs a trifle slow the Astronomer Royal decrees the placing of a penny or a halfpenny on this tray. Big Ben responds, and even sometimes hurries a little more than necessary, in which case the penny is removed and put away in the Exchequer for another time. Somehow, the Drifter had imagined a complicated mechanism and much shaking of the head if Big Ben should stray, and it gratifies him to think that even he, the Drifter, could regulate England's minutes if he cared to.

* * * * *

NOT that the Drifter does care to. It matters to him very little just when Big Ben tosses down the hours so long as he is still allowed to go and sit on the terrace of the House of Commons, and drink his tea, and watch the people coming and going in "the best club in London." It is years since the Drifter first found his way to this haven. A kindly M.P. invited him to tea one day, and he took his courage in both hands and went. It needed courage, for the Drifter is alarmed by going out to tea. He has never mastered the technique, but stands about, teacup in hand, with a glassy smile. And once there he is unable to leave. But on the terrace of the House of Commons his fears vanished. He

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sat with his friend, absorbed in watching the members as they grouped and dispersed and regrouped themselves. He watched those who strutted with constituents in tow and those who walked alone. And about them all he felt that strange composite atmosphere which irresistibly draws back to Westminster those Englishmen who have once come under its spell; from the north and from the south; from the green counties and from the dark towns. It is an atmosphere made up of many things. There is in it responsibility and eagerness; self-seeking no doubt, and boredom too; but above all a sense of slow shaping, slow and steady as the current of the Thames itself which slips quietly past the terrace and past Big Ben.

* * * * *

BIG BEN is the guardian of another England too. The Drifter remembers one night when he loitered on Westminister Bridge in the small hours. The river boats loomed suddenly out of a light mist, making slow way against an ebbing tide. Parliament sat late that night, and the lights in the House were burning; but the bridge was nearly deserted. A forlorn old woman, with two brave feathers in her hat, shuffled by, pausing to look at a barge. The Drifter fell into conversation with a strolling bobby, and not far away from them the old woman looked up with a smile as Big Ben boomed into the night. "We do see some queer people waiting here for the hour," said the bobby musingly. And he added, with the unfailing politeness of his kind: "Not that I mean anything personal, sir."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Associated Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in *Time* the statement that the annual address of Mr. Kent Cooper to the convention of the Associated Press was accepted as a reply of the Associated Press to the article by Oswald Garrison Villard recently published in *The Nation*. The Associated Press is reported to be displeased with Mr. Villard's article. It may amuse you that I also was displeased with the article, for an exactly opposite reason. I beg to call the attention of your readers to the fact that very precise legal evidence of the mishandling of labor news by the Associated Press is available for those who want it. I refer to "The Brass Check," Chapter LVIII, which is entitled Poisoned at the Source. Let me point out that I was never able to get the Associated Press, or any Associated Press champion, to do so much as mention this chapter. The Associated Press publicly announced at one of its annual gatherings that it was preparing an answer to "The Brass Check," but it never published this answer, although I demanded it for several years thereafter.

The most ardent champion of the Associated Press was the late Professor James Melvin Lee, of the School of Journalism, New York University. I carried on a controversy with Professor Lee by letters, articles, and debates, but never once was I able to get him to open his lips on the subject of that particular chapter of "The Brass Check." The chapter happens to be invulnerable, because it is based upon the sworn records of the Associated Press, submitted under oath in a legal proceeding. In the fall of 1928 I ran into Professor Lee at a dinner at the Authors' Club, but even then, when face to face with him, I could not get him to discuss this chapter!

The Associated Press may claim that the question of its conduct in the West Virginia coal strike is out of date. But the fact is that it is reporting strikes today by exactly the same methods, and with exactly the same results. Anyhow, it is with history that Mr. Villard was dealing in his article, and 1913 is not such ancient history.

Pasadena, Cal., June 7 UPTON SINCLAIR

Comics and the N. A. N. A.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article Standardizing the Daily, in your issue of June 4, Mr. Villard says of the North American Newspaper Alliance, "It gives plenty of attention to sports, but offers no 'comics.'" I should like to point out, perhaps at the penalty of one job, that recently the N. A. N. A. paid $600,000 for the Bell Syndicate, the principal business of which is to syndicate "comics." And you probably have noticed that the N. A. N. A. has revised Mr. Freud's latest so that it will not be offensive to ever so many polite editors.

New York, June 5 LOUIS BATISTE

Which Shall We Believe?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As an interested reader of your magazine, which appears to be the leading weekly in the campaign against hypocrisy and crookedness, I have at times been puzzled by your attitude toward the Communists, whose side you seem to take in almost every disagreement between them and the forces of law and order.

The chief argument I have against these trouble-makers is that the greater percentage of them are foreigners who being badly treated in their own countries come to the New World for refuge, and finding that they have to work hard for a living here as everywhere else, become discontented and attempt to make as much trouble among the satisfied majority as they can.

It will be noticed that the United States, especially in the larger cities, having a larger percentage of these aliens has more trouble with them than Canada, except perhaps in Winnipeg, which is the gathering place for such malcontents in this country.

If these people are not satisfied with conditions here, which are much better than where they came from, why don't they go back where they belong?

The United States is a free country except in the case of prohibition, but should be kept for her own people or for the better class of European who is willing to work hard and is not afraid to face the reverses which even the best of men suffer, not for the riffraff of Europe to make trouble where there was at least contentment before.

Montreal, May 15 GEORGE A. FLINT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the excellence of your paper, for as a leader of liberal opinion you have no peer. Nevertheless, I am forced to protest against your attitude toward the fighting arm of social reform, the Communists. Viewed realistically, a liberal paper has no value as a force for the promulgation of a revolutionary political program, for the field of liberal thought must necessarily be restricted to ideas and ideals, not action.

Yet it has been the habit of liberals everywhere to castigate Communists as "misleaders or worse" when in truth the

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Communist is striving for identically the same principles as the liberal. The lofty disdain with which the liberal regards the Communist is damaging to the very principles of liberalism. For the criterion of a liberal attitude is liberality, and if the liberal must "sit on the fence" instead of jumping into the field of battle, he should at least regard communism for what it really is.

Your often-repeated excuse for excoriating the Communist, that he is a blind follower of a rigid, uncompromising creed, is lamentably weak, for concerted action necessitates discipline —not argument.

Omaha, May 15 GRAYDON F. ILLSLEY

Joseph Wood Krutch

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* has paid its tribute to Joseph Wood Krutch but I should like to express the feelings of some of your readers, since I know that I do not speak for myself alone.

It is no exaggeration to say that the most keenly anticipated piece each week has been the criticism by Mr. Krutch. His soundness, sincerity, and penetrating critical judgment are a great joy. He illuminates everything he discusses, and even though one may not always agree with his remarks, they are always thought-provoking.

I am sure I join with many of his admirers in wishing for him high productivity on the Guggenheim Fellowship. It is our only consolation in losing him for this period.

New York, June 12 NICHOLAS KOPELOFF

IS RELIGION A ROMANTIC DELUSION?

Whether it is or not, it is still one of the major topics of thought. Were it not so, the clergy would be jobless and the seminaries empty. One book stands alone as a full, free and outspoken discussion of the whole religious question. It is:

TREATISE ON THE GODS

By H. L. MENCKEN

Certainly, it is no wonder that the whole country is buzzing with comment on this daring book. And at the rate that it is selling, it will not be long before people are going to be ashamed to admit that they have not read it.

A best-seller in every city in America

$3.00 at all bookshops

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER, N. Y.

Red-Baiting in California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After a trial lasting three weeks in the Superior Court of Imperial County, California, nine men have been convicted on three counts of violation of the criminal-syndicalism law, and face terms in San Quentin of from three to forty-two years each. This is the first time in six years that the law against criminal syndicalism has been invoked in this State to curb the activities of the so-called "reds." The real "crime" of these men was their attempt to organize the cantaloupe workers of Imperial Valley.

In January last, attempts were made to form a union among the lettuce workers of the Valley, but they failed owing to the vigilance of Sheriff Charles L. Gillette and his deputies, who jailed the leaders on charges of vagrancy and disturbing the peace. This is the sheriff who assaulted me when I intimated that the men he was holding in jail had done nothing worthy of arrest. I brought charges of assault against him, and he was found guilty and fined $150. He appealed the case to the Superior Court.

Sheriff Gillette and the police of Brawley and El Centro have declared a moratorium on free speech and free assembly in the Valley. They stationed their men around an entrance of a hall where the International Labor Defense had arranged to hold a meeting recently, and allowed no one to enter.

Altogether, a serious situation confronts us in southern California. This trial may mean the signal for the revival of the criminal-syndicalism law in many places. These cases must be carried to the higher courts and publicity given to what has occurred. Money is needed. Will you who care for the preservation of our freedom send us contributions to carry on the fight we are waging? Make the checks generous, please, and send them to the American Civil Liberties Union, Southern California Branch, 1022 California Building, Los Angeles, California.

Los Angeles, June 17 CLINTON J. TAFT

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL BLANSHARD is preparing a study entitled "Racketeering High and Low—The Folly of Work" for the League for Industrial Democracy.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, will soon publish "The Soviets in World Affairs."

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

WEIMAR JONES is a North Carolina newspaperman who has made an exhaustive study of last year's labor trials.

LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL contributes verse to various periodicals.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the author of "Founding of New England" and "The Adams Family."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

V. F. CALVERTON is the author of "The Bankruptcy of Marriage."

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

MARY AUSTIN, poet, novelist, and critic, lives at Santa Fé, New Mexico.

G. E. R. GEDYE, is Central European correspondent of *The Nation*.

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Books

Without Shield

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Art puts no slowing touch on silent Time:
I make a moment sure, in tiny box
Jeweled with vowels, riveted with rhyme,
Studded with iron consonants and locks—
But day flows on, bright river into death.
I must love living, not its monument,
Value not utterance but very breath,
For there will come an ultimate event
Which has no mate nor any medium
In earth which mines dark metal, precious stone:
Its meaning has no mortal idiom.
I will forge courage now to face alone,
Without my craft to serve as shield to me,
The unresolvable reality.

The Metaphysicians Confess

Contemporary American Philosophy. Edited by George P. Adams and William Pepperell Montague. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $12.

IT will probably be the fate of these two volumes to repose quietly on the shelves of reference libraries, there to be dusted and consulted occasionally by a few earnest students and specialists. This will be regrettable, for they are astonishingly rich in entertainment and stimulation. Designed as a companion work to "Contemporary British Philosophy," published in 1924, the present volumes contain the intellectual autobiographies of thirty-four present or quondam professors of philosophy. Each contributor was asked to state his principal philosophic beliefs, the reasons supporting them, and the manner in which he had reached them.

> An explicit confession [say the editors with engaging candor] of the temperamental sympathies and prejudices of a philosopher, and of such of his life's circumstances as seem to him to have been relevant in shaping his conclusions, may possess as much philosophic value both to the writer and to his readers as the conclusions to which they contribute. And the honest attempt to psychoanalyze one's mind may and should result in a wholesomely humiliating realization of the extent to which one's own beliefs (and not merely those of one's neighbors) are determined by subjective causes rather than by objective reasons.

And the contributors have to a surprisingly large extent met this candor with a candor of their own. The book, true enough, does not look inviting at first glance. The very names of some of these thirty-four professors of philosophy are unfamiliar except to other professors of philosophy, and such titles as The Philosophic "Credo" of an Absolutistic Personalist, The Philosophy of a Meliorist, A Temporalistic Realism, Confessions of an Animistic Materialist do not sound inviting. But when one actually begins to read one finds this volume full of fascinating human documents and admirably compact arguments; it is probable that even the minor figures have here written more interestingly than they have anywhere else. Even when one is not interested in a man's opinions, one may still be interested in how he came to hold them.

A typical instance is George Herbert Palmer, to whom these two volumes are affectionately dedicated. Palmer's chief historical importance lies in the fact that he was the senior member of that brilliant galaxy at Harvard of which the other members were James, Royce, Münsterberg, and Santayana—the most remarkable and influential single department of any kind that has ever appeared in an American university. Harvard itself seems to have rated these men in an exact reversal of their true importance. I am creditably told that before James's reputation came bounding back from abroad, and before Santayana had acquired *his* outside (although "The Life of Reason" had already been published), Palmer was considered the great man there, with the possible exception of Royce.

Palmer's philosophy is feeble and pietistic. He confesses frankly that "the philosophic influence which was supreme over my youth, and has left its honored mark on my age, was Puritanism." "Without the presupposition of God," he still finds, "science is fragmentary and baseless." His question, before accepting a religious belief, is: "Would it strengthen me if I, too, thought in that way?"—and not, for example, What reasons are there for supposing it true?

None the less, his contribution to the present volume is mainly autobiographical, and that autobiography is charming for its ingenuousness and humility, and for the depiction of a struggle that was, in its quiet way, heroic—an endless war against weak eyes, a bad memory, ill health. He was born a weakling, not expected to live from year to year. "Up to my fortieth year," he writes, "headaches were almost continuous, and I have never slept a night through in my life." It seems hard to realize that Professor Palmer, still with us at eighty-seven, was born in the same year as James and thirteen years before Royce. He speaks casually at one point of teaching some pupils who "afterwards served in the war." He is referring to the Civil War.

In most American colleges at the time of his student days, Professor Palmer recalls, "the little philosophy attempted was usually taught by the president, a minister." In the late seventies, when John Dewey was an undergraduate, this condition still prevailed. "Teachers of philosophy," writes Dewey, "were at that time, almost to a man, clergymen." Under such conditions one wonders how a Dewey could have arisen at all. He still expresses some preferences that will come to many of his readers as a surprise:

> Were it possible for me to be a devotee of any system, I still should believe that there is greater richness and greater variety of insight in Hegel than in any other single systematic philosopher—though when I say this I exclude Plato, who still provides my favorite philosophic reading. . . .
>
> Although I have not the aversion to system as such that is sometimes attributed to me, I am dubious of my own ability to reach systematic unity, and in consequence, perhaps, of that fact also dubious about my contemporaries. . . .
>
> Forty years spent in wandering in a wilderness like that of the present is not a sad fate—unless one attempts to make himself believe that the wilderness is after all itself the promised land.

Of all these confessions, Santayana's, as one might expect, has the highest literary charm. It helps to explain how one who lived in Boston and Cambridge from the age of nine till the age of forty could remain so detached, in temperament, ideals, and style, from Protestant American life. It was not merely that his mother brought over her Catholic and Spanish traditions, but that "thirty-eight fussy voyages" across the Atlantic kept him in ever fresh touch with European culture. "English," he remarks, "and the whole Anglo-Saxon tradition in literature and philosophy have always been a medium to me

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rather than a source." But his thirty years in this country, if they did not make him an American, at least made him a foreigner in Spain. "The life of a wandering student, like those of the Middle Ages, had an immense natural attraction for me—so great that I have never willingly led any other." He gratefully acknowledges his debt to the early James and his lesser debt to Royce, and in the course of his discourse there appears this confession, which seems to point both to the weakness and to the strength in his work.

> I have been willing to let cosmological problems and technical questions solve themselves as they would or as the authorities agreed for the moment that they should be solved. My pleasure was rather in expression, in reflection, in irony. . . .

A word, finally, must be said about the article contributed by Morris R. Cohen, who unites a remarkable literary gift with a fine philosophic penetration. The general temper and outlook of this article, and the compression of its argument, remind one strongly of Bertrand Russell, with whom Professor Cohen has many points of affinity. "To philosophize," he writes, "has always seemed to me as natural and desirable in itself as to sing, to dance, to paint or mold, or to commune with those we love."

I regret that I have not the space to discuss the other contributions. If few of them are deeply original, most of them are written with clarity and acuteness, and indicate minds that are genuinely alive. This admirable symposium, in brief, is rather impressive evidence that American philosophy at the moment, while it may lack the richness of contemporary British philosophy, is at least far from a state of academic stupor.

HENRY HAZLITT

A Defense of the Puritans

Builders of the Bay Colony. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

NEW ENGLAND history has been so constantly and intensively tilled for nearly three centuries that it is almost as difficult to get a new crop from it as from the worn-out soil of a New England farm. We are more apt to find pebbles of antiquarian lore than corn for the historical mill. There is always a little something new turning up, however, and there is always opportunity for presentation and interpretation. We need not here deal with Dr. Morison's pebbles. The interest and value of his book lie deeper.

The form of presentation is wholly delightful. What the author has wished to give us is a convincing sketch of the life and spirit of the Bay Colony during its first score or so of years. Instead of narrative history he has used biography as his method, and in eleven chapters he draws the portraits of more than a dozen of the men and women of the place and period. The book is a sort of "corporation picture," such as used to be popular among the Dutch artists and may be seen at Amsterdam and Haarlem. He has not chosen his sitters for their historical eminence but for their personal appeal to himself and as representative of various aspects of life. They include such diverse personalities as John Smith, Hakluyt, Morton of Merrymount, the Winthrops, father and son, the clergyman Shepard, the college president Dunster, the apostle to the Indians Eliot, the poetess Anne Bradstreet, and others.

Dr. Morison has an easy style and a pretty wit, an irony which even when directed against myself I find infinitely relishable in a day when writing, like cooking, seems to have lost its seasoning. It is good for the blood to watch a gentleman flashing a rapier instead of dropping nickels in a subway slot. There is a good bit of the eighteenth century in Morison, and it gets into his style. As those who read his delightful "Maritime History of Massachusetts" know, his writing has none of the faults developed by American university education. It lacks Ph.D. orderliness. He wanders where he jolly well pleases, as in the first nine pages on Dunster, in which Dunster is only mentioned twice. It is this eighteenth-century trait that lends his work a charm in an age when even churches are organized by efficiency experts. His presentation is wholly admirable.

When we come to his interpretation, however, I not only believe him in part wrong but question his clarity of thinking. Having passed through various phases of thought in the past with respect to Puritanism, he has now become so convinced of its essential rightness that he has become somewhat of a special pleader for the various vagaries of its American representatives in colonial Massachusetts. Starting with the statement that "if ever a case could be made out for religious persecution, it was in early Massachusetts," he promptly abandons the "if" and plumps for the persecutors. A case can always be made out, only we are a bit surprised to find Dr. Morison engaged in it. From other parts of the book we discover that "early" Massachusetts was a very limited period, for by the end of the first fifteen years we find the author in a more congenial role approving the remonstrants against the rule of the Puritan leaders. The early period narrows down to about ten years, yet although the author claims to abhor that decade of intolerance from 1630, he makes the assumption, among others, that the reward for that intolerance was the emergence of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau in 1830 or so. I am quite as ready as Dr. Morison to appraise highly the value of Puritanism in its best sense, a mode of thought and conduct limited to no nation and to no religion, but I feel that the wish to think as highly as possible of the founders of his own State has led him into somewhat of an intellectual muddle. I wish a debate could be arranged at the Town Hall between Dr. Morison and Archbishop Laud. But it would not really be a debate. The arguments would be identical, merely in favor of different groups and causes. Puritanism is, and always has been, a living issue. Perhaps because of that, even historians cannot be wholly unbiased in discussing it and its adherents. (I presume I am myself as guilty in that respect as anyone.) If it were not for that, Dr. Morison would not have dropped that fatal "if" into his book like a fly into his soup. I recommend it, however, if the reader will carefully remove the fly, and a bit around it.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Dead Cities

Ur of the Chaldees. By C. Leonard Wooley. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Dead Towns and Living Men. By C. Leonard Wooley. Oxford University Press. $2.

DR. WOOLEY has become famous as the director of the joint expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania excavating the site of Ur. Among its outstanding achievements has been evidence to support the view that Sumerian civilization is older than the Egyptian, and that this civilization, already in a developed state, was brought by the Sumerians to Mesopotamia from some other center, perhaps the Indus valley. Of less intrinsic historical importance, but of great dramatic interest, was the discovery of a deep layer of silt between strata of different cultures, which obviously had been deposited by the "flood" of Biblical and other Near Eastern tradition.

Dr. Wooley has already incorporated these discoveries in his book "The Sumerians," which gives a history of Ur and the other imperial cities of the South Mesopotamian plain.

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In "Ur of the Chaldees" he describes clearly and entertainingly the course of his excavations and how the more important discoveries were made, and presents pertinent insights into the excavator's procedure, which involves a planning of operations, extensive in space and delicate in detail, and the management of hosts of workmen commensurate with the founding of a new city.

In "Dead Towns and Living Men," a reprint of a book written before the war, we have a still more intimate work in which we learn that Egyptian laborers have become as self-contained and, to their archaeologist bosses, as uninteresting as his factory hands are to a manufacturer. In Mesopotamia, apparently, there is an archaeological frontier which makes the work more exciting; and the management of men becomes a patriarchal function highly pleasing to the heads of the expedition.

The material is always interesting and frequently amusing; particularly the anecdotes of the blundering and ineptitude of the pre-war Turkish officials. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

America—the New Found Land

New Found Land. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $5.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is a master of verse form, and his new book "New Found Land," a volume of verse exquisitely printed by the Black Sun Press, Paris, for the American publishers, reinforces his position as one of the first of the classical school of contemporary American poets. The fine impersonality of his attitude and his perfect adaptation of form to subject, along with his simplicity and clarity of treatment, declare him at once a member of this group. In his earlier books there was over him the shadow of T. S. Eliot and "The Waste Land," and in this last there is the same sadness over the loss of a rich past that Eliot has expressed; but in "New Found Land" MacLeish has evidently accepted as necessary and worthy that background for his art, somewhat underestimated before, America. To be sure, he again reaffirms the loneliness in which the American artist must dwell, that nostalgia for something felt and never realized, for roots untraceable, but he no longer completely deplores this. Instead there is the affirmation that an artist must find this country his own country, and the poems Land's End, Reproach to Dead Poets, and American Letter are devoted to the statement of this feeling. Thus, from the latter, for example:

> This, this is our land, this is our people,
> This that is neither a land nor a race. We must reap
> The wind here in the grass for our soul's harvest:
> Here we must eat our salt or our bones starve.
> Here we must live or live only as shadows.
> This is our race, we that have none, that have had
> Neither the old walls nor the voices around us,
> This is our land, this is our ancient ground,—
> The raw earth, the mixed bloods and the strangers,
> The different eyes, the wind, and the heart's change.
> These we will not leave though the old call us.
> This is our country-earth, our blood, our kind.
> Here we will live our years till the earth blind us—
>
> The wind blows from the east. The leaves fall.
> Far off in the pines a jay rises.
> The wind smells of haze and the wild ripe apples.
> I think of the masts of Cette and the sweet rain.

And MacLeish's only reproach to greater dead poets is that they have given us here in this land nothing to live by. He asks:

> Were there no words to tell with
> to tell
> What lands these are
> What are these
> Lights through the night leaves and these voices
> Crying among us as winds rise . . . ?

His only comment on his own pioneer poetic attempt is in the poem Anonymous Signature:

> Think
> if you read these words in a better time
> Of the shape of my mouth forming the difficult letters.

Anyone reading even these quotations is able to observe that Archibald MacLeish is not of the rightly or wrongly named "verbal mystics," but given over, as is Eliot, to classic purity of form and idea. Throughout these fourteen perfect poems his basic rhythm, with but few exceptions, is quantitative, and although it may be scanned as iambic pentameter it depends for all its effects upon the perfect equivalence—in so far as this is possible in English—of the vowel lengths and the marked use of spondee. Back of this form lies, of course, a knowledge of Greek rhythms. Even the lyrics, with their intense though universalized passion, make use of this rhythm and this balance for structure rather more than they do of accent and rhyme. Take this stanza from Memory Green:

> You will not remember this at all you will stand there
> Feeling the wind on your throat the wind in your sleeves
> You will smell the dead leaves in the grass of a garden
> You will close your eyes with whom you will say
> Ah where

Or this from that beautiful poem Immortal Autumn, wherein rhyme is used but the quantitative effect prevails:

> But not in autumn with the black and outcast crows
> Share we the spacious world the whispering year is gone
> There is more room to live now the once secret dawn
> Comes late by daylight and the dark unguarded goes
>
> Between the mutinous brave burning of the leaves
> And winter's covering of our hearts with his deep snow
> We are alone there are no evening birds we know
> The naked moon the tame stars circle at our eaves

There are only fourteen poems in "New Found Land," but very seldom is there a book of verse written in which not only every poem but every line is perfect.

EDA LOU WALTON

Love and the Modern Age

The Evolution of Modern Marriage. By F. Müller-Lyer. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

IN Ninon de Lenclos's prayer "Dear God, make me a good man but never a good woman," we have an epitomized statement of what is rapidly becoming the modern woman's attitude toward morals and marriage. Women today are in revolt against what was long known as woman's creed. As a result of this revolt we have a new woman who demands the same rights and freedoms as man in marriage as well as out of it. It is this new woman who is the cause of the present chaos in moral life. The new morality, as it is now called, is scarcely new for men. It is new mainly for women. This new woman and this new morality have been possible only because of the disintegration of the family and the disappearance of its patriarchal ethic. The new moral order, which is *personal* instead of familial in character, marks a new epoch in the history of love—an epoch of new aspirations and fulfilments.

Such, in brief, is the thesis of this book. F. Müller-Lyer, whose studies in the history of social evolution have exercised

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a considerable influence on sociological thought, has pursued in this volume the same Marxian approach in his analysis of sexual relations that he employed in his earlier investigations of economic phenomena. The whole problem of sex and society is considered from an evolutionary point of view. Beginning with the absence of love in primitive society, he traces the development of the love emotion through later ages to what he believes is its great fulfilment in our era, where love has been personalized and freed of its economic fetters. In reference to this last observation, it is important to remember that this book originally appeared in Germany in 1913, which was a year before the World War began and five years before the aftermaths of that holocaust were felt in every part of the Western world. Today, in the personal epoch, such optimism has vanished. Love is viewed with less enthusiasm, and in much of the post-war literature of the last decade a kind of hard-boiled cynicism has taken its place. Nevertheless, the historical aspects of Müller-Lyer's thesis are not destroyed by the failure of his prophecy. There is no question about the correctness of his general analysis of the role that the love emotion has played in various phases of the past, or of his considerations of the social position of women and the evolution of marriage as an economic institution.

It is the differentiation of woman, which has come with her economic emancipation, that the author sees as signifying the beginning of the personal epoch. In the clan epoch, with its early, high, and late clan phases, and in the family epoch, with its three similar phases, woman was nothing more than a piece of property and love had no existence for her whatsoever. Hosea, who paid fifty shekels for his wife, is typical of the family phase in its practical form; Aristotle, who described woman as an aberration of nature and put her at the head of the monsters, is typical of the same phase in its more theoretical and philosophic form. Love begins with the decay of the family and the end of the family epoch. Marriage is changed from a family affair into a personal one. The individual, freed at last from the bonds of clan and family, can choose his loved object in terms of his own personality. But that is not enough. He must not only choose in terms of his own personality, but he must also protect his personality from intrusive invasion and destruction. Marriage in the personal epoch must above all *respect* personality. "Too great intimacy," the author argues, "blunts the edge of erotic emotion . . . the couples grow together like Siamese twins; every vibration of one is felt by the other. Daily irritations easily develop which (even among people who are sincerely attached to each other) slowly lead to mutual aversion."

And what is the solution that Müller-Lyer provides? In keeping with the wisdom of Jean Paul, he advises that lovers should "share everything with each other except their room." Love must be stimulated by brief separations. The free marriage which Godwin contracted with Mary Wollstonecraft is suggested as approaching something of the personal ideal that the author has in mind. Separate dwellings should be adopted wherever economically possible so that neither personality is able to infringe upon the rights of the other. In every case, of course, neither person is to be economically dependent upon the other, for it is of the very essence of economic dependence to create psychological subordination and enslavement.

Now there is scarcely any doubt but that a number of Müller-Lyer's suggestions will eventually be adopted. In fact a number of people have already adopted them. But what the author does not seem to see, despite his sociological approach, is that the success of such suggestions depends more upon that which is environmental than upon that which is personal. It is just at this point that his theory begins to weaken. It is true that he argues for new social controls, but the main emphasis in the concluding aspects of his logic is upon "the driving force [of] . . . the human will" instead of upon the driving force of the environment which shapes whatever we mean by the "human will." His faith in love, for example, is far more utopian than scientific. It is very possible that with the increasing changes in the modern world and the new emphases upon collective rather than individualistic factors love will be looked upon as a less significant emotion than it has been in the last few generations. Müller-Lyer's entire neglect of the birth-control factor in the love situation, for example, is most unfortunate, for it is such a factor that has more to do with the nature and expression of the love emotion than the "driving force of the human will."

V. F. Calverton

John Brown

John Brown: The Making of a Martyr. By Robert Penn Warren. Brewer and Warren. $5.

IF Mr. Warren thinks that his book is a credit to historical scholarship it would seem to be because he dissents from some of the principles and methods to which most American historians feel themselves bound to adhere in dealing with controverted matters. It was, no doubt, to be expected that Mr. Warren, born in Kentucky and educated in Tennessee, and too young to have known John Brown or any of Brown's associates, should have written of Brown with less sympathy than some Northern writers have shown, and had he done so he would have been wholly within his right. What he has done, on the contrary, is to produce a book which, aside from its failure to add much of importance to what was already known of Brown's career, is deeply tinged with bias and sneering hostility toward Brown and his supporters. To topple an idol from its pedestal was not enough; the idol must be hacked in pieces and the pieces trampled in the mud of innuendo and scorn.

Mr. Warren pays respectful homage to the excellencies of Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's monumental biography, but one gathers that of the enemies to be routed Mr. Villard is the chief. Every student of the American slavery controversy knows that Mr. Villard, notwithstanding his sympathetic recognition of the moral and political significance of Brown's career, withholds no evidence that painstaking inquiry could discover and offers no extenuation of Brown's brutality and foolishness. Mr. Warren, on the contrary, sees in John Brown little more than a harebrained fanatic, an adventurer with eyes open for the main chance, a self-conscious poseur, a publicity seeker, a horse thief and miscellaneous plunderer, and a murderer. That the antislavery and abolition agitators could have been moved by any high moral purpose, however disastrous their resistance to government and laws might turn out to be, is something for which, apparently, he has only contempt, and his pages are studded with sneers and flings at Brown's supporters and the antislavery contingent generally. Frank Sanborn, for example, is pilloried as "an excessively earnest young man, confident of himself, and confident that he knew God's will; beyond this he possessed to a considerable degree that tight especial brand of New England romanticism which manifested itself in stealing Guinea niggers, making money, wrestling with conscience, hunting witches, building tea-clippers, talking about Transcendentalism, or being an Abolitionist." Regarding the letters that were written to secure funds for Brown's first journey to Kansas we are told that "when a letter would bring tears it would bring money. Harriet Beecher Stowe knew the trick, for her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had provided a tidy fortune." Emerson "was a man who lived in words, big words, and not in facts. . . . It is only natural that once or twice when he tried to deal with matters of fact words made him a common demagogue."

The crucial point of John Brown's career before Harper's Ferry, as far as moral quality is concerned, was the so-called

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Pottawatomie massacre. Mr. Villard accepts the "positive witness" of two of Brown's company, Henry Thompson and Salmon Brown, as well as of Brown himself, that Brown killed no one with his own hand, although it was "definitely established that Brown was, if not a principal in the crime, an accessory and an instigator." Mr. Warren thinks that it is "safer" to accept other testimony that "Brown began the bloody business by shooting old Doyle" than it is to take the testimony of Brown or Salmon. He is not impressed by Mr. Villard's conclusion that the motives behind the Pottawatomie affair were "wholly unselfish" and that Brown's aims "were none other than the freeing of a race"; the conclusion does not fit with Mr. Warren's judgment of Brown as a murderer or his caustic account of Brown's business record of "embezzlement, fraud, speculation, and self-righteousness." Nor can he agree with Mr. Villard's view of the Harper's Ferry attack as (to quote Mr. Warren) "only a badly planned and badly executed 'raid,'" with the projected Provisional Government back of it as "a harmless debating society." Mr. Warren has a right to his opinion if he has carefully and impartially studied the evidence at these various points, but the contrast between the scholarly temper of Mr. Villard's biography, sympathetic though his book is, and the patent iconoclasm of Mr. Warren is too sharp to permit us to put the two writers in the same class.

Mr. Warren's book will doubtless be acclaimed by those who insist that sentiment and moral conviction have as little place in history as John J. Ingalls once declared the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule had in practical politics. Here or there some unreconstructed Southerner, ignorant of what has been written hitherto, may rejoice that the horrid truth about John Brown has at last been told. There is weighty authority for maintaining, however, that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and the heart of John Brown and his antislavery supporters is a subject about which Mr. Warren's prejudices hardly entitle him to speak.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Mexican Folklore

El Folklore Literario de Mexico. Por Ruben Campos. Mexico City. Department of Education.

IN "El Folklore Literario" the Department of Education of Mexico has done something for the people it is supposed to educate that few modern nations have the wit to do, or the fundamental insight into the problem of education to do well. Facing the necessity of educating a population largely illiterate and, if schooled at all, for the most part simply battered into a superficial resemblance to modern intellectualism, the Mexican government begins directly with the content of the public mind. It collects widely and selects wisely the wisdom, the hopes, the traditions, the moralities of the people, the imaginations of their hearts, the voice of their unimagined desires, as these circulate orally or in such limited forms of print as are accessible to them. "El Folklore Literario" is an anthology of the riddles, anecdotes, songs, ballads, epigrams, fables, legends, pasquinades, dramas, hymns, prayers, and political bywords which are current and therefore influential in forming the opinions, prejudices, emotions, and activities of the Mexican people at large. Here you find an Aztec animal fable, a hymn in praise of the Beloved Jesus, a prayer for rain, a ballad of the death of Pancho Villa, a satire on official corruption, a song of personal passion, a sly anecdote, a child's lullaby, and a word-for-word treasured proclamation of a revolutionary leader, all of them arising securely from the fountain of tradition, from the secret wells of racial instinct. Except that they employ the Spanish language, very few of them are even remotely touched with the written tradition which has been pressed down upon the Mexican people for three centuries. They have, therefore, the primary quality of all literature—what we call literature because we find it worthy of preservation from generation to generation—sincerity of emotional content, directness of expression, and beauty of form. Although I should like immensely to see such an anthology of folk literature for the United States, I very much doubt that it could reach anything like the high level of this one compiled by Ruben Campos. The book is further expanded by the reprinting of many photographs and old engravings covering the period from 1525 to 1925, during which time the existing body of folklore arose. The music of many of the songs is included.

The temptation to quote is nearly irresistible, and indeed is restrained only by a realization of the burden of responsibility entailed upon the reviewer who would quote for a non-Spanish-speaking audience. If I thought it possible for an American reader to realize workingmen sitting down with the guitar during their nooning to sing carols in praise of the constitution—but no, it is not possible to imagine such a thing. The American public will have to read the "Folklore Literario" in the original. And that is no such task as the American public makes it. Anybody with a good grounding of Latin and a high-school Spanish lexicon could make out from this collection more about the spirit, the intellectual outlook, and the intimate ideals of the Mexican people than many histories would teach him.

One of the problems of folk literature here displayed overlaps our own—that is, the Negro contribution to Mexico. I read in an old Spanish chronicle of the sixteen hundreds that there were once two hundred thousand people of Negro extraction in Mexico—though that is probably an exaggeration—and here find songs credited to them as something out of the past, yet with curious distinctions from anything produced by Negroes among us. Again one notes that love songs, which are so many *descancias* on the way to the disappearance of the Spanish invaders in the Indian race, are much more strongly marked with Spanish than with Indian passion; and again that the compiler is for once, and once only, conscious of rejections of alien elements when he refuses the scores of Catholic Christian dramas of suffering and sacrifice which have been more or less forcibly popularized, and finds worthy of record only the lighter, joyous phases of folk Christianity. All these are indices far more worth attending to than political turnovers to one sincerely interested in knowing what Mexico is and what should be expected of her. By all means, buy a Spanish dictionary and read "El Folklore Literario."

MARY AUSTIN

Books in Brief

Year In, You're Out. By Samuel Hoffenstein. Horace Liveright. $2.

Samuel Hoffenstein has a reputation as a light-verse writer in America which we should be a little at a loss to explain were it not for the fact that American light-verse writers are, as a group, lacking in finesse and in facility of technique. Mr. Hoffenstein is, to be sure, often amusing—much more so when he develops his own topics than when he laboriously parodies a number of true poets. He is sometimes, in a literary fashion, even a very good singer of lyrics not intended to be humorous; but he very often errs in good taste, and he is often heavy-footed in his manner. We like his half-bitter, half-amused outlook; we like his recognition of this somewhat devitalized universe in which we live; we realize that his wit at its best is an intellectual wit. But we wish he would exclude about half the poems in this last

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volume and give us only those which are neat and witty and amusing and not so many that fall short of their mark. If he had done this the reader might remember him for his best quips and pranks, his best ironic couplets, his compact and fine beginnings, which, alas, sometimes end too pompously. "Year In, You're Out" will be a popular book, for there are many modern readers with much the same slant on life as Mr. Hoffenstein's, but it might have been even more memorable.

Gallipoli Memories. By Compton Mackenzie. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

To convey in a note the charm, the extraordinary fascination, of this volume of memories is impossible. It is, as Mr. Walpole has said, "a work of art." And those reviewers who have failed to see the underlying seriousness hidden beneath its so typically British humor have missed something. Mackenzie served as an intelligence officer in the Levant, and after these many years, despairing of doing the seven-volume novel which he had planned, decided to do four volumes of memoirs instead. He himself says: "The first volume adds nothing of the least historical value . . . though in succeeding volumes I hope to shed some light on the situation in Greece. . . ." The future historians of the tragic conclusion to Winston Churchill's far-flung strategy, however, will do ill to overlook a book which conveys so subtly one observer's reactions to the spirit and atmosphere of the Gallipoli campaign. For the general reader, no matter how general, this book with its wealth of allusion, description, and character studies offers a literary feast.

The Women of Cairo. By Gerard de Nerval. With an Introduction by Conrad Elphinstone. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $7.50.

Since "Eothen" is so much admired and so securely enshrined as a classic, it is well that this book, so much more sensitive and charming, should be translated at last into English. Where Kinglake remained the Englishman commenting from the outside, de Nerval did what Kinglake could not have done; he lived as far as he could like an Oriental and even bought a female slave to be the respectable head of a family. The first of the two volumes describes his eight months in Cairo and his journey to the mouth of the Nile; the second volume, his travels in Syria, Palestine, and Constantinople. Without much in the way of adventure the book is frequently exciting and always interesting, for de Nerval had a flair for making life at all times an adventure, and is so good a writer that he can communicate his own ardors and all the discoveries of his lively and intelligent curiosity. The Turkish empire of the middle nineteenth century is brought before us in all its splendid decay, and just before it became influenced by the West. The publishers are to be praised for bringing to us this masterpiece of travel.

The Life and Letters of Joseph Pennell. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Little, Brown and Company. Two volumes. $10.

It is perhaps regrettable that Mrs. Pennell undertook this work. In "The Adventures of an Illustrator" Pennell described the most interesting of his experiences, and for the "Life and Letters" little was left but the general routine of his days. This routine was not uninteresting, but it was certainly not important enough to justify the minute chronicle Mrs. Pennell has given us. His letters also are usually lively and entertaining, but if Mrs. Pennell had omitted nine out of every ten printed in these two volumes, the reader would have an adequate understanding of Pennell's character and opinions. Throughout the two volumes Pennell reveals himself as a victim of "the pitiless pressure to do," very much an American despite his bitter attacks on the America of the post-war period.

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Seipel Intrigues in Austria*

By G. E. R. GEDYE

DR. JOHANN SCHOBER, the Austrian Chancellor, who visited London and Paris late in April, was at first reported to be traveling as the "business representative" of his country to negotiate a loan. It was also reported that he wished to persuade the British and French governments to confer on the Austrian Republic the unique and undesirable distinction of being the sole exception in a Europe which is seeking disarmament, by authorizing his country to break the Treaty of St. Germain and embody her Fascist and Socialist irregulars in a state militia. Both of these reports were incorrect. It was known here in Vienna that the Austrian loan—at least as far as Britain was concerned—was assured. Downing Street, the Bank of England, and the Treasury were known to be in favor of the flotation of the Austrian loan at the earliest possible moment, which would not be until after the flotation of the German loan in June. As to the militia, it is certain that Dr. Schober, as the highest police authority in Vienna, could not favor so dangerous an application of the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief.

The project of turning the Heimwehr into a militia originated with the Landbund, or Agrarian Party, which fears above all things that the Heimwehr as it stands could one day be employed as a *schwarz-gelbe* (pro-Hapsburg) army in the interests of extreme clericalism to facilitate the re-creation of a great papal state in Southeastern Europe. It has long been, of course, the unvoiced dream of Monsignor Dr. Ignaz Seipel, the former Chancellor, to replace the vanished Roman Catholic polity of Austria-Hungary by such a block. This block would eventually recover Catholic Croatia from its present subservience to orthodox Serbia in Jugoslavia, rescue Catholic Slovakia from subservience to the Hussite and freethinking Czechs in Czecho-Slovakia, and submerge more thoroughly the Hungarian Calvinists—to whom the present Regent, Admiral Horthy, and the present Premier, Count Bethlen, belong—beneath the waves of Hungarian Catholicism, strengthened again by the recovery of Croatia. At the head would stand Catholic Austria—and, perhaps, Catholic Bavaria by her side—with Vienna restored to her pristine glory as the capital of this Catholic-state group.

As to the western mission of the Austrian Chancellor, it may be said that he traveled neither as a financial negotiator nor as an apostle of militarism but as the bearer of the Austrian olive branch. The visit to Paris was a result of the eternal Franco-Italian jealousy in Central Europe. Dr. Schober's earlier visit to Rome was necessitated by that strangle-hold of Signor Mussolini's on Austria's credit which has enabled him to block the path to a loan ever since the feeble protest two years ago in the Austrian Parliament against the brutal regime in South Tyrol brought his Caesarean wrath down upon the head of little Austria. Dr. Schober's Austrian enemies declared that on his visit to Rome he also visited Canossa and Caudium in order to pass through the Caudine Forks. Be that as it may, it is difficult to see what other course was open to a practical statesman but to placate those whose good-will was essential to the procuring of credits, more especially as Austria had proved quite unable to afford the least aid to her oppressed ex-subjects in South Tyrol. But because of the Rome visit, France, of course, became concerned for her influence in Middle Europe—hence the Paris visit. Dr. Schober's visit to London was intended to give formal expression to what has long been an informal fact—the restoration of that traditional friendship between Great Britain and Austria which was interrupted by the war. The little democratic mountain republic has not inherited much from the mighty empire of Central and Southeastern Europe, but the Chancellor went to London to claim at least the inheritance of that traditional friendship. The British government recognized this inheritance by its support of Austria's claim at The Hague to be freed from the paper burden of reparations which the world knew she could never pay. It is quite certain that the British Foreign Minister took the opportunity to put some searching questions to Herr Schober concerning that same urgent matter of the disarmament of the Heimwehr about which the League of Nations had just been manifesting curiosity. Austria's government promised the League to introduce a bill enforcing disarmament, but it kept this project secret from the Austrians until someone "spilled the beans" in London. Secret diplomacy, if it ever dies, should certainly be interred in Vienna, destined to be its last refuge.

Dr. Schober, since he took over the chancellorship at the stormiest period of the Heimwehr agitation on September 27 last, has proved himself no friend to Social Democracy, yet has been the savior and bulwark of conservative democracy in Austria. The threat of civil war had at that time become so acute that distrust of the currency had been awakened in Austria and a "flight from the Schilling" was beginning. The anti-parliamentary campaign of the Heimwehr—behind which stood the former Chancellor, Dr. Ignaz Seipel—had reached its zenith on September 29 with the threat to concentrate large Fascist forces threatening Vienna from four points. The Heimwehr leaders openly proclaimed that there would be a march on Vienna and an overthrow of Parliament unless the Socialists concurred in the passing of a bill to alter the constitution in a way that would have destroyed democracy and set up a form of absolutism in Austria. Dr. Ernst Streeruwitz, who was then Chancellor, did his best to hold the balance between the contending parties by producing the draft of a constitutional reform bill which his Socialist opponents would have accepted, but the Heimwehr would have none of it. Dr. Seipel, who

* On June 15 Major Waldemar Pabst, chief of staff of the Austrian Heimwehr, was expelled from Austria as an undesirable alien who was indulging in illegal political activities. Major Pabst is a German white terrorist who organized the Kapp Putsch and after its failure fled to Austria, where he later became military organizer of the Heimwehr. The pro-Heimwehr governments of Tyrol and Styria are reported as in revolt against the decree of expulsion of Major Pabst, and as threatening to invite his return in defiance of the central government at Vienna. These circumstances lend special interest to Mr. Gedye's article, written before the beginning of the present disutrbances.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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dreamed of making Austria the cornerstone of a southern Catholic-state block—a sort of revival of the Hapsburg monarchy over which a Hapsburg or a Wittelsbach might one day rule—wished to see things go to extremes so that he might come back to power on the crest of a Fascist wave. At this moment the Landbund (Agrarian Party) took fright at the prospect of a Fascist-Clerical dictatorship. The banks and industrial concerns which had subsidized Dr. Seipel's Heimwehr army with the object of curbing the power of the Socialists in the republic became alarmed at the growing signs of financial distrust at home and abroad, and the Conservative-Nationalist and pan-German elements which feared the extreme clericalism of Dr. Seipel and his Heimwehr called upon the police president of Vienna, Johann Schober, to take office as the "strong man of Austria."

He was immediately confronted with difficulties. Within a week of his becoming Chancellor, the financial crisis reached its height in the collapse of the Bodenkreditanstalt, the biggest bank in Austria. It was largely due to Schober's energetic conduct of the day-and-night negotiations that he was able to avert an appalling disaster and secure the payment in full of all depositors through the taking over of the Bodenkreditanstalt by Baron Rothschild's Kreditanstalt and an international group. The extreme Clericals set their hopes of a dictatorship on the Chancellor coming to blows with the Socialists, and saddled him at the outset of his term of office with a constitutional reform bill which the latter were bound to exercise their constitutional right of rejecting. From outside Parliament, the Heimwehr proclaimed that not one letter of the bill must be altered or they would yet sweep Parliament away. The Chancellor's position was rendered peculiarly delicate by the fact that while the Socialists secretly welcomed his accession to office—seeing in him their bulwark against civil war and fascism—they were unable to give him the least support, but on the contrary were compelled to express vociferous distrust because they had held him responsible ever since July, 1927, for the heavy loss of life which accompanied the suppression of the rioting of July 15. At the same time Dr. Schober was obliged to pay great attention to the demand of the Heimwehr, who had acclaimed him as "their man" though their leaders in reality were eagerly watching to see him fail in his task. This characteristically Austrian situation, in which the Chancellor's most vocal supporters are his real enemies and his hostile critics and would-be enemies the actual foundation of his power (the eternal Austrian necessity of "saving face" prevents either side from revealing its true colors), holds good in essentials at the moment. Undeterred by the clamor from Left and Right, the Chancellor, by his favorite method of informal negotiations with responsible leaders, arrived at the compromise constitutional reform bill which became law in December.

His firmness on two critical days in November, when the plans for violent action of the German "white terrorist," Major Pabst, the Heimwehr chief of staff, looked like maturing, saved the situation. For two nights police patrolled Vienna, public buildings were guarded, and police and military held in readiness to strike. The extreme Heimwehr, realizing that the ex-police president was neither to be bluffed nor terrorized, saw that the game was up.

Since then the political temperature in Austria has gradually cooled off. Dr. Schober's secret enemies have made several attempts to upset him, notably over the recent so-called "Anti-Terror" bill, designed to curb the power of the trade unions. The Heimwehr, and even Herr Vaugoin, the present Vice-Chancellor and Minister of War, the right-hand man of Dr. Seipel, repeated their performance over the constitutional reform bill, declaring that with the trade unions also there must be no compromise. Dr. Schober said nothing, but again came to terms with the Social Democrats, forcing them to surrender much of their power but obliging the extreme Right at the same time to accept the compromise which it had declared inadmissible. The retirement of Dr. Seipel in April from active politics is an admission that Herr Schober's policy has triumphed over the former's Clerical-Fascist aspirations. Dr. Seipel did great service to his country at one period, but it has been nearly counterbalanced by the harm which his Heimwehr campaign has done, and the last service which he can now render his country is to stick strictly to his retirement and make it an abstention not merely from open, but also from secret, political activity. Unfortunately the signs are multiplying that he intends to do nothing of the sort.

Dr. Schober bids fair to become the Hindenburg of Austria, the type of loyal, dependable servant of the state who, having served his emperor faithfully so long as he stood for that state, can with equal devotion serve the republic when called upon to recognize that times have changed. It is believed that on the ratification of the Hague protocols Morgan will float the new Austrian loan. If so, it will confirm Schober in power for many years to come and give pause to the Seipel intrigues.

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